

THE
MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

VOL. II.

FEBRUARY, 1840.

No. 2.

HOW ARE THE GREAT EVILS OF THE WORLD
TO BE REMOVED?

THERE is so much to be done before Christianity can be made to effect all the good which it has promised and which it is capable of effecting, that some persons are almost inclined to despair of its efficiency, and doubt whether the world can ever become much better than it is. Others, who are still confident in the triumph of goodness, are yet led by the same causes to adopt very opposite notions of the methods by which it is to be brought about, and even of the part which Christianity is to have in effecting it. Some suppose religion to be only one among many agencies which are gradually combining to meliorate the condition of humanity; they suppose it to be of little service, excepting as it falls in with, and is aided by, the humanizing influences of letters, art, philosophy, and the other agents which are slowly leading society forward. They, therefore, suppose that very little can be done to hasten the progress, that it depends on causes out of the reach of a human touch, and that no activity can accelerate a consummation which is in the hands of nature and providence. Others, on the contrary, suppose Christianity to be the great effectual instrument, without which all others must fail, and which must be zealously put in action by human minds and hands in order to its effecting its purposes. It is not, they say, by being let alone, to work its own way, that the Gospel ever did or can effect its great moral changes. Paul, and Luther, and its other chief agents, did

what they did by agitating ; and although its indirect and secondary effects are powerful, they never could be equal of themselves to the regeneration of the world, or even to raise the standard higher in the Christian community ; indeed, if it were left to its secondary action, it would not fail to fade away and gradually disappear.

It would not be difficult to show that the latter is the true view ; and that those who satisfy themselves with the former, are taking the certain course to nullify the power of Christianity and extinguish its future influence on the world. There are evils in society,—great, crying, inveterate evils,—which have thus far withstood all the indirect influences of Christianity, and seem to be as firmly fixed in the midst of Christendom as if the Gospel favored them. The secondary action of divine truth is too feeble to affect them. They stand like heaps of snow in the moonshine, which defy the reflected light of that planet, but melt away in the direct rays of the sun. If they are ever to be removed, it must be by the immediate and direct, not the reflected and indirect, power of Christian truth. They must be brought under its express action. As we see daily that a man may live in the midst of a Christian community and yet remain a selfish, worldly, unsanctified man, *because he does not apply to himself* the principles which prevail around him ; so sinful customs may prevail in the midst of a moral community, simply *because no application is made* to them of the principles which generally prevail.

This may be distinctly seen in the case of the three most extensive and giant social evils,—Intemperance, Slavery and War. Instead of being removed by the indirect moral and religious influences which prevail, it happens, on the contrary, that society, acting by its authorised agents, regards and treats them as a part of its established economy, to be sustained by its laws and yielding certain benefits to the state. It appears not to dream of their extinction, any more than of the extinction of commerce. It deals with them as intrinsic and essential elements of the social order, and legislates about them as soberly as about education or manufactures. This remark is less true of intemperance than of the other two evils ; but until lately even intemperance was scarcely known to the law except as an item of commerce and revenue—licensed, taxed, and authorised, excepting in those instances in which it led to some other gross evils. Slavery is treated by the law as so much property, a portion of the national wealth, protected in the statute books, and registered in all the statistical

tables as one of the items of the national prosperity. War is constantly kept in view in all provisions for the national well-being, and provided for, even in time of peace, by an expenditure greater than is appropriated to any other subject. And the rewards of the public honour are certainly not withheld from a man who has become wealthy by manufacturing or retailing what has beggared hundreds, or who is affluent by the toil of slaves, or who has made thousands desolate in the butcheries of battle.

What we say then is, that here are these three great scourges of the race, these overflowing and inexhaustible fountains of misery and crime,—not only unchecked by the general diffusion of Christianity,—but so situated in the midst of the community as even to command protection and challenge honour; and there can be no prospect of banishing them, except by making a strenuous application to them of the direct prohibition of the religious and moral law. They have thus far defied the vague and generalizing way in which duty is addressed to conscience; and may continue to do so forever. The man whose regular business promotes intemperance, the slaveholder, the warrior, may, on general principles and on all subjects but one, be a conscientious, tender-hearted, and just man; that he is not so on that one subject, is only because he has not made immediate application of those general principles to the case in hand. So too the community may, on general principles, be pervaded by a public opinion enlightened, generous, humane; and yet, from habit, or inattention, or interest, may allow the most serious evils to continue, because it does not apply to them the same principles which decide its judgment in other affairs. Until this shall be done, no considerable change or progress can be expected.

This is strikingly exemplified in the case of Intemperance. The Gospel was preached, civilization advanced, manners became refined, and temperance was on the acknowledged list of social and Christian virtues. Yet intemperance daily increased, and grew into a terrific plague. The *general* opinion on the subject and the *general* discountenance of religion failed to check the evil. The check was at last given and the plague began to be stayed, only when it occurred to Christian men to bring their Christian principles to bear actively and strongly on this very subject. When this was done, there arose a correct appreciation of the real state of affairs; the character and degree of its inconsistency with the Divine Law and a well-principled

community became evident. The reform must be carried perfectly through, by a continuance of the same method; by applying the power and authority of Christianity, in every way, directly as well as indirectly, to the consciences of the deluded and the vile, and to the removal of the causes of temptation and corruption. Let there be this thorough DIRECT ACTION of the religious principle, and the evil will soon disappear. That it dares yet show its miscreant front in the face of day, is an evidence how far we are from being *governed* by the religion we profess. If we were, it would be Christian America, and not Pagan China, that would now be exhibiting the sublime spectacle of the fathers of the people pouring into the bosom of the ocean the great instrument of social demoralization. But alas, Christendom separates its morality from its politics; and is far more earnest to watch over the increasing wealth of the people than to guard them against immorality and corruption.

Take the next instance,—Slavery. How is it that this has existed and been extended, notwithstanding that this is a Christian nation? For the reason just named,—that Christendom separates its politics from morality, and protects the wealth rather than the virtue or the true happiness of the people. But it is evident that if the Christianity which is professed were honestly *applied* to this subject, it could not stand before it for a day; since no two ideas can be presented to the mind more utterly irreconcilable than Christianity and slavery. Christianity is the doctrine of human equality before God, and the law of universal justice and benevolence; which denies all selfishness, and makes every man master of himself and of his rights. But the most simple and obvious definition of slavery is, *the depriving a man of all his rights*;—of his right to liberty, for he is a slave; of his right to property, for he is property himself; to his wife, for she is his master's; to his children, for they are his master's; to education, for the means are refused him; to his life, for he is at the mercy of a task-master to wear him out or to starve him; to every thing that man can look to, except the mercy of Almighty God. And does any one suppose that CHRISTIANITY allows this? Can any one believe that Christianity, with its lessons of freedom and brotherhood and love, could pervade society, and yet leave a single human creature in such dreadful desolation? Is it not clear that if Christ really REIGNED in Christendom, slavery would be impossible? Thank God for the assurance that he shall reign; for it is an assurance that

the bondage shall at last be broken, and the curse be taken off from our land.

And the other portentous evil,—War; the game of kings, the grand interest of public men, the chief charge of government; to which, in the administration of public affairs, every thing else that is dear and desirable is compelled to give way; to which education, and arts, and morality are held secondary, even in the legislation of Christian nations; whose magnificent achievements dazzle, whose perilous chances excite, whose intrigues call forth brilliant exhibitions of genius; which sometimes awakens in a dormant people the spirit of enterprise and progress, but always ravages, blights, demoralizes, betrays, and curses. What have the Christian nations to do with such a thing as this? It has not one feature of Christianity in it. It has given occasion, we are told, to beautiful instances of high Christian virtue. But so has highway robbery. So has the foul baseness of the licentious profligate. This claim, sometimes put in for war, can only be allowed, when we shall honor the infamy of Tarquin for the sake of the virtue of Lucretia. Set aside a few such flowers which grow in the crevices of the corrupting charnel-house—judge it on its own merits, try it by its intrinsic and distinctive qualities,—and there is not one on which Christianity can look with complacency. For what is it? A celebrated statesman has defined it, “that state in which nations are trying which shall do the other the most harm;” and this certainly is not the description of a *Christian* state. Another distinguished person has said, “that it is a virtual repeal of the ten commandments;”—a description equally just and comprehensive. For how shall the right to war be supported, where killing and adultery and theft are prohibited? *Inter arma silent leges*, is as true of the laws of God as of the laws of man. Religious and moral individuals in the camp, there may be; but the camp, as a system, licenses every moral offence. And do you suppose, that when Christianity has done its whole work, penetrated society through and through, such an institution can stand? When the Prince of Peace shall have been permitted to REIGN in Christendom, and take command of its affairs, do you believe his disciples will fight? In that day the principles of his religion and the laws of his realm will be *directly applied* to every subject; business, professions, politics, which now escape the superficial ordeal, will then be no longer separated from morality. In that day, therefore, Christians will no

longer be seen with the Bible in one hand, and the sword in the other. It has been so with them thus far, because they have refused to compare the doctrine of the Book with the doctrine of the weapon. That comparison cannot be evaded forever; it must be made. Whoever shall make it honestly, will find the sword drop out of his unclenched hand. There have been instances of this; instances are occurring frequently; military men, led to open the Book with their still bloody fingers, perceiving there the Divine disapprobation of wrath, strife, and revenge, and the Divine benedictions on love, gentleness, forbearance and peace, and overcome by the unselfish, tender-hearted, philanthropic life of Jesus, have been struck with horror at the enormous inconsistency of Christendom; and have abandoned the profession of arms which earned them bread, that they might have a claim to the bread of heaven, and be numbered among the children of God. Oh how thrillingly the voices of those emancipated men swelled up to heaven in the rejoicing chorus of the Christmas morn,—what a full meaning did they find in the glorious ascription, Glory to God! on earth, peace!

The inference from all this fairly is, that we are to look for the removal of the great evils which still infest society, to nothing else than the direct agency of Christianity, expressly applied for the purpose of removing them. Its indirect action, as experience has evinced, may be resisted, neutralised or evaded. But its direct application has always proved mighty to the pulling down of strong holds; it never yet was known to fail in the case of an individual faithful to himself, or in the case of a community actually subjected to its influence.

The duty, therefore, of all reformers, and all who desire the progress of man, is plain. They must not waste themselves in generalities, but attempt the removal of specific evils and the accomplishment of specific good. And as the preachers of the Gospel are reformers and philanthropists by their profession, the same duty applies to their labours in the pulpit; if they mean to help the purification of society and do any thing toward the complete triumph of virtue and happiness, they must give battle to all evil, personal and social, by name; they must apply their doctrine as well as utter it.

H. W. JR.

LIFE BEYOND THE MOUNTAIN WAVE.

THERE is no one that has experienced the loss of even the nearest and dearest friends on earth, that for a length of time yields to despair. It is against the order of nature, and those who cherish inordinate grief combat the very principles of their nature. Every one, after the shock has passed, involuntary begins to seek consolation. This comes in forms as various as are the minds calculated to receive it. Some find it in individual sympathy, some in general society. Some are able to fill the void by substituting similar affections, and others contrive to indurate the sensibility and consign their friends to a second death. It is ordained that time shall do its gradual and silent work, and the order of Providence is more powerful than our weakness or our affections. We pass from one stage of sorrow to another, till the bleeding heart is healed and the memory of the lovely and beloved steals over us in visions of joy and peace, reversing for a short time the beautiful language of Scripture,—they come to us though we cannot go to them. The sensitiveness we first felt passes away, we no longer shrink from the gentle touch of friendship, the mind resumes its reasoning powers, and returns to its natural state.

And is this the history of our grief? Does it end here? Is it for this, friends “languish and die?” O no, affliction has high and holy purposes. Who does not feel in the uncertainty of life new motives to kindness and forbearance? Who can let the sun go down on his anger, when it may never rise again on the face of his friend? Who that looks around upon the casualties of life, and sees the frequent close of existence by sickness, or the scarcely less frequent death by the raging elements, can put off till tomorrow the works of amnesty or kindness? Who will not strive so to conduct, that let the mandate come to his companions when it will, he may not be left a prey to bitter self-reproach?

Under the loss of friends there is but one rational source of consolation, and that is the conviction of a future existence. Most people profess to feel this conviction; it is a part of their religious creed, they hear it constantly from the pulpit, and they are satisfied with their belief till sorrow comes; and then comes a desolation inconsis-

tent with the living and active conviction. Perhaps they have never thought much on the subject, they have taken it on trust, and now is the time to make it their consolation. Now they will find one of the most convincing arguments for a future life in the shortness of this. How many wise purposes are frustrated for want of time to accomplish them. How many labour diligently while the day lasts, and then comes the night "in which no man can work." What noble projects of virtue and usefulness are interrupted, and no one left to resume them with equal efficacy. Our aspirations are vast, our sphere limited at the best. What a capacity of knowledge and improvement is given to man! and yet how much of life is taken up in providing for the mere means of existence; struggling against temptation, enduring sickness, poverty, and loss of friends.

It may be said these are the means given us for discipline, and to aid us in our progress to virtue. Undoubtedly this is true; and it is one of the strongest arguments for a future existence; for of what use are the means, if there is no end to be attained. Experience can do but little for us, and perhaps still less for others; when we would convert it to their use, it generally takes the form of admonition or reproof. We have then, by suffering and toil, gained a treasure which in some respects is more worthless than the miser's accumulated wealth, for he can, if he pleases, bequeath it, and it will have the same value to others that it had to himself.

Many in the vigour and usefulness of life are cut off by mental aberration, and condemned to linger for years as maniacs. Can this be the end and purpose of their creation? Or can we believe that God would give faculties and powers for ends which we can never attain; that he would create beings "but little lower than the angels," full of great and glorious attributes, to perish like the canker-worm which destroys vegetable life? Have we not lately seen the "high heart and true" cut off in the moment of usefulness,—one whose countenance beamed with benevolence and kindness, who diffused peace and good-will in every circle which he entered, who with the independence and firmness of a hero united the gentleness of a child, who with a mind deep, clear and bright was pressing onward in the Christian race? Do we not find in such a life, and such a death, evidences for a future existence? We feel that he has left us to minister to immortal beings, left us for a life beyond the mountain wave!

QUALIFICATIONS FOR THE COMMUNION.

It is our purpose in the following article, to furnish a plain and intelligible answer to the question—When ought a person to join the church? or what are the qualifications for church-membership?

We take it for granted that all are not suitable candidates for admission. For some doubt, others reject Christianity as an authoritative communication from heaven. Others, still, look upon the whole subject of religion with indifference, or scorn, or contempt. Others, who believe, are sadly deficient in the spirit of Christ. They indulge in secret sins; they cherish malice, or envy, or some other wicked passion in their hearts. Or they may be guilty of immoral conduct. They may be unjust, fraudulent, false to their word, the slaves of appetite and lust. Or they may be implacable and unmerciful, harbouring revengeful and malicious thoughts against a neighbour, studying how they may render evil for evil, or refusing to listen to any terms of reconciliation. Or they may live a thoughtless, prayerless, godless life, wholly indifferent to their spiritual interests; making no provision for the undying soul, being wholly absorbed in the cares or the pleasures of the world.

Ought they, in this state, to come to the holy communion? Would their presence at the table be approved by the great Head of the Church? Would it not be a solemn mockery and profanation of holy things, for persons without faith, without seriousness, and without the desire or purpose to live a better life, *to make a profession of religion*, as it is called, and to become communicants at the Lord's table? Would they not, with these habits, feelings and views, incur guilt, be self-convicted, and justly looked upon by all who know them, as hypocrites?

But admitting that all are not suitable candidates, when, under what circumstances, ought a person to offer himself for admission into the church? Must he wait till he shall have reached some certain, well-defined mark, till he shall have formed habits of religious obedience, till he shall have attained to "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ?"

There is, we maintain, no good reason for such delay. There is nothing in the word of God, in the practice of the Apostles, or in the reason of the thing, to justify or require it. The three thousand that were converted on the day of Pentecost were at once baptized and received into the church, or became communicants. Witness the conversion and immediate admission to Christian ordinances of Lydia, and the jailor in the city of Philippi. May we not infer from these and similar examples, that it is not some definite measure of goodness that is demanded as a qualification for the communion, but simply the act of self-consecration; the desire, purpose, determination, to obey the Gospel of Jesus Christ?

And what more should be demanded? Let any one give satisfactory evidence that he has chosen Jesus for his Master, and we see no reason why he should exclude himself, or be excluded by others from the table of the communion.

And indeed why should he stay away? Why should the sick man wait till he is healed before he apply to the physician? "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." And "Jesus came to call not the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Why not come to him at once to be healed, so soon as the conviction is forced on our mind that we are spiritually sick, and have learned that there is "balm in Gilead, and a physician there" able to save to the uttermost all who will follow his prescriptions. Or, to adopt a different figure, why not enter at once the school of Christ, the great Teacher, so soon as we are conscious of our ignorance, and know that Jesus is "the way, the truth, and the life?"

There is surely nothing forbidding in the terms of the invitation. It is not, "Come unto me, all ye whose burden has been removed and who have found rest," but, "All ye who labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It is not the peculiar office of the good Shepherd to guard the sheep that have never strayed or that have been gathered into the fold, but to search for the lost ones and to bring them home. "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." In the passage from the prophet Isaiah, which Jesus quotes as applicable to himself, it is written: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me; because he has anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised." It was his peculiar office to instruct

the ignorant, to raise the fallen, to encourage the desponding, to deliver those who were in a state of suffering or peril. And the ordinance of the Lord's supper has the same object in view. It is to be reckoned among the means of grace. It is an aid and incitement to virtue, and it should be used for this purpose. It is designed to remind us of our Saviour, whom we are prone to forget; to prompt us to duty, which we are apt to neglect. We may not need such outward helps when we shall see our Saviour face to face in heaven. We might not need them now, if we "had already attained or were already perfect." But we need them now, because we are weak and ignorant and frail, and prone to neglect our spiritual interests—to live a thoughtless and unprofitable life.

The communion service is specially suited to awaken serious thought, to prompt to self-inquiry and self-discipline and circumspection; to bring near us, to set before us, to place in a strong and convincing light, the great realities of the distant, the invisible and the future. And who more require these helps than the young, the inexperienced, those have made but few attainments in the Christian life? If any may dispense with them, it is those whose virtue has been strengthened by habit, whose spiritual nature has been highly cultivated, who have fought the good fight, and come off from the contest more than conquerors. Yes; if any one may live in the neglect of Christian ordinances, it is "the perfect man in Christ Jesus," he whose whole life is a life of prayer, who walks with God in the freedom and confidence of a holy intimacy. And yet it is commonly true, that the ordinance of the Supper is more highly valued in proportion as the character becomes assimilated to the character of Christ, and the more abundantly the love of God is shed upon the believing heart.

Oh! is it for the man of ordinary virtue to plead in excuse for his neglect of outward means, that he needs them not—that he can live safely and acceptably without their aid? He may need them the more, the less he feels their necessity, the more he confides in his own strength. If he believes in the Lord Jesus Christ, let him observe the ordinance of his appointment; let him use this among other means of strengthening his faith and improving his character. And let not the danger of approaching the table of the Lord and eating and drinking unworthily be magnified beyond the bounds of reason and the clear warrant of Scripture. Let not the ordinance be viewed

with a superstitious dread, as though it were designed only for the eminently good. No; it was instituted for beginners—for “babes in Christ”—for young disciples—for the weak, the frail, the tempted. Let any one be conscious of the desire to be holy; let him find in himself—not any definite measure of holiness—but the intention, the deliberate aim, and serious purpose, to follow Christ in all holy obedience; let him feel a willingness to suffer reproach for Christ’s sake, to submit to the restraints and discipline of a religious life; let him “be fully persuaded in his own mind,” resolved to persevere, whatever obstacles he may meet in his Christian course; let him weigh well the cost, so that, when he shall have “put his hand to the plough, he may not look back,” nor abandon his purpose in disgust or despair; let him be settled and grounded in his religious principles, so as not to be “carried about by every wind of doctrine;” in a word, let him have the testimony of his conscience to the fact, that he *has*, and *does*, solemnly dedicate himself to the Lord, and is fully determined to be sincere, upright, conscientious both in word and in deed; let him satisfy himself on these points—let him have good and satisfactory evidence that such is the actual state of his mind and heart;—and he may feel sure, that he will be an acceptable communicant at the Lord’s table.

Do we make the terms of admission too easy? Some may regard them on the contrary as unreasonably strict. They are such, it seems to us, as the nature of the case demands, such as may be inferred from the example and instructions of the Apostles and the genius of Christianity. The act of religious consecration should evidently precede a religious profession. Thus it was with the disciples at Corinth. “They first gave their own selves to the Lord, and (then) unto us by the will of God.” That is to say, they first became disciples in fact, and then made it manifest by an outward and visible act. The duty of self-consecration not only comes first in order of time, but is incomparably more important. The latter may be omitted with infinitely less hazard than the former. The latter is the sign; the former is the thing signified. The latter is a positive institution, and is a duty because it is commanded. The former is a duty resulting from the nature and condition of man and the relation he sustains to his Heavenly Father. For it is obvious that as we are indebted to God for all that we are and for all that we have, so it is our bounden duty to consecrate ourselves—all that we are and all

that we have—to his service ; “ to present our bodies ”—the whole man—“ a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is our reasonable service.” This duty therefore comes first in the order of time, and is first in importance. When the first has been discharged, and not before, it will be proper to discharge the second. The great and essential thing that is required as a qualification for the communion, is the act of self-consecration.

We ask again, do we make the terms of admission too easy ? Is it an easy thing,—what can be done without effort, without great resolution and much self-denial,—to break off from habits of dilatoriness, thoughtlessness, worldliness, it may be, of sensuality and sottishness and open immorality, and to consecrate the whole man—the senses, the intellect, the affections, to duty and to God ? Is it an easy thing—that which the disciple virtually engages to do when he comes to the holy communion—“ to deny all ungodliness and every worldly lust, and to live soberly, righteously and godly in the world ? ” This, we repeat it, the Christian disciple engages to do. “ If any man will follow me,” says the Master to whose service he binds himself, “ let him take up his cross and follow me.”

Now, what we mean to say is this, for we wish to make our meaning obvious,—not that all which has been stated above must be done before the table of the communion is approached, since this is the work of the life,—but that there must be the purpose, resolution, determination to do this, with Heaven’s aid, as time and opportunity and ability are given. And this is preliminary and preparatory to an acceptable and profitable observance of the ordinance.

We care little for the form of admission, whether it be by a formal, or implied, assent to a written covenant, and a profession of belief in fewer, or more, articles of faith ; and whether this be done in the minister’s study, in the presence of the church, or before the whole congregation. What we deem of vastly greater consequence than the form, is the state of the person’s heart,—the principles, the purposes, the resolutions, with which he performs the act. We desire, we invite, no one to come to the communion, who is not ready to take up his cross, to deny himself, and to follow Christ. We desire, we invite no one to come who does not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and regard him with affectionate respect, and who is not willing to commit himself to his guidance, “ to sit,” with Mary, “ at Jesus’ feet and to hear his words.” He who would come to the communion,

should be able to say, Lord, I believe, I repent, my heart is fixed, henceforth I will follow thee.

But we are anxious that all should feel thus, and thus act: for we desire to see our churches enlarged by the accession of new members,—of such as have consecrated themselves to the Lord, and who have formed the deliberate purpose to obey the Gospel of Jesus Christ. To this end we would affectionately, and with great importunity, call upon such of our readers as have hitherto, for whatever cause, absented themselves from the communion, to seek the necessary qualifications, and to come without delay to the table of the Lord; that they may receive spiritual nourishment, and that the kingdom of God may be built up in their hearts; that “the ways of Zion may no longer mourn, because so few come to her solemn feasts.”

G. A.

OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

A SERMON, BY REV. EPHRAIM PEARBODY.

Hebrews IV. 13. Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight: but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do.

THERE were those among the ancients who deemed it an unworthy idea of God, to suppose that he would take any interest in the affairs of this world. They imaged him, after having put forth his creative energy, as retiring apart, into the depths of infinity, and there, entirely unobservant of his creation, reposing in a profound calm, in inaccessible splendour, forever. So far as the Deity was concerned, the whole creation floated past into oblivion.

Among Christians we often hear a sentiment expressed that has close kindred with this system, as we may almost call it, of atheistic philosophy. It would sometimes seem as if it were thought degrading to the Deity, to suppose that he would concern himself at all with the affairs of this little sphere. It is supposed that having created the universe, he impressed certain laws upon it, and then withdrew himself from his work into a kind of Oriental repose. We no longer

see God *in* the world, but only certain dead laws which he has impressed *on* the world. Earth is separated from Deity. At death we shall enter his presence, but so far as the past or present is concerned, we are separated from him by the whole interval of time that has elapsed since the creation. Or if there be any Providence distinct from his laws, it concerns itself only with great events—with those things that change the face and fortunes of the world.

I refer to these sentiments mainly for the purpose of saying that they find no warrant in Scripture. The Scriptures ever teach the opposite. They teach that God cares for *each* as well as for *all*. As, placed at an infinite distance, suns dwindle down to stars and seem of equal magnitudes, so to Infinite Greatness the greatest events of earth must appear infinitely humble. The Deity does not regard them because of the greatness of the work to him, but because his goodness prompts him to diffuse good. Our highest conceptions of his greatness arise from reflecting how he who sustains the universe, and carries the stars through their circles, without disorder or confusion cares also for the minutest part of that universe. This universal providence the Scriptures ever ascribe to God. There is not a thought of the heart but he knows it altogether; there is not a prayer, though it go up from beside the hearthstone of a hovel which the world has forgotten—though it be unuttered, and ascend only in silence, like incense, from the heart—which does not rise to him. There is not a wrong done, though hid in populous cities or desert wilds, which does not, loudly as the blood of Abel, cry up to heaven. Nay, there is not a bird that floats on the bosom of the air, there is not a flower that opens its unnoticed beauty by the side of a forest stream, which owes not its very being to his Providence.

And the Scriptures always connect this doctrine of a Providence with the idea of his Omnipresence. "Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there. If I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there." "Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord." The question is sometimes asked,—how is it possible for God to be every where present? Of course, of the manner of his presence we can know nothing; we mean by it only that in some way all things are penetrated by and comprehended in his divine energy. But the particular difficulty which gives rise to the above question is met and removed by a thousand analogous facts, recognised by all men, in the

world around us. There is a power,—of its essence we know nothing, but we know it exists,—to which we give the name electricity. It seems to pervade all nature; it fills the earth, it slumbers in the clouds; wherever we go we move in the midst of it, as if it were another atmosphere; in some mysterious way it seems connected with the principle of life itself. Had nothing occurred to call it into action, this mighty energy, which has power with a single stroke to overthrow the strongest towers and shatter the everlasting cliffs and shake the world, would still have surrounded us and we been unconscious of it.

Or, to take a case still more illustrative of this point, and which also meets an objection, that he whom we suppose every where present, is *invisible*,—the case of gravitation. Here is a power every where present. It pervades all space, and matter is no obstruction to it. It gives roundness to the little dew-drop that trembles on the forest leaf, and it holds planets and suns and stars in their orbits. It gives weight to all things, and yet itself has no weight. It gives solidity to matter, and yet while we move through it, we do not perceive its existence. As with bands of iron it binds together all the parts of this visible world, and yet is itself invisible. It reaches down from the sun and the moon and lifts up the tides of the sea, and yet the mariner, as his bark cleaves the swelling breadth of ocean, can see only these effects—the mighty energy at work around him is itself unperceived. Here is a power, an energy, not only present, but actively present, throughout the universe. There is not a particle of matter, though it be hid in the centre of the earth, which does not feel its influence, and the vast orb of the sun is held firm in its place by its silent and calm, but irresistible agency. It pervades all and comprehends all the works of God; and yet is itself but one of the instruments and agencies of God. Shall we imagine that God is shut up within narrower bounds, than the powers which he has created? When we consider such facts as these, the omnipresence of Deity must appear to us in any light rather than as incredible or difficult to be believed.

But I need not discuss this subject. A belief in a Deity involves his omnipresence. We cannot limit his infinity on any side, without first supposing him imperfect and then dependent. Nor can we easily imagine the existence of any thing aside from and independent of his energy.

There are two points from which I would now look at this doctrine of the Divine Omnipresence.

I. The importance of recognising that presence, and in order that this may be done, of observing those tokens of it, by which God would remind us of himself. Were some being from another sphere to alight on this, and were he told, that embosoming all things, observing all things, penetrating and sustaining all things, there was one Being present with every individual, and a Being to whom every individual was accountable, and that we *believed this*, how strange to him must appear our lives! He would see men, forgetting nothing else, forgetting not even the distant or the dead, yet living in perpetual forgetfulness of that Power who is ever present with them; weak, frail, falling, craving support, sinking in the waves and calling out for help, and yet forgetting him who is nearer than any human friend, from whom all help comes, and who is ready to sustain all who trust in him; sinning, and imagining that all their guilty acts are hid so long as they are observed only by the all-inspecting eye. This practical atheism, in the midst of a professed theoretical belief, must seem to him like some stupendous mockery. All things around speaking of God—the heavens above declaring him—the Scriptures teaching us of him—all human experience speaking to the soul of his Providence, and yet men forgetting him!—their eyes open and resting on all the marks of his presence—seeing every thing else, and yet not seeing him! To such a being it might seem as if the poet's description of atheism gave scarcely more than a true image of the condition of the Christian world;

Bold with joy,
Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place,
(Portentous sight!) the owlet Atheism,
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
And hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,
Cries out, where is it?

Strange spectacle! multitudes believing in a God, believing in his omnipresence, and yet living as if they were removed from his sight! fearing to stand in his presence *hereafter*, and forgetting that every moment they stand in his dread presence *now*! Were that presence to pass visibly before us as before his ancient messenger, as

if we had never before thought of God, our dismayed hearts would sink within us, and we should fear to gaze, lest like those of old we perish. And yet do we not, my friends, *believe* that *he is present*—that his shadow fills these courts—that his unslumbering eye rests on all the paths of men. Oh that our faith might bear better fruits in our lives! Were this faith a living thing within us, how should we fear to sin; conscious that such a friend was near us, how little should we dread the reverses and dangers that appal us; how invincible and calm would every virtuous purpose become, and how holy should we be in heart and life. Yet this truth, to which it would seem as if we must cleave as to our lives, we are heedless of. We are all under the same condemnation. How unworthy are we all, and not less he who speaks than they who hear, of the constant Providence of God.

Why are we so forgetful of the presence of God? Because we do not see him, it may be replied. But this cannot be the reason. We see the Infinite Spirit, not less than the spirit of the friend at our side. We see neither with the eye of sense. That which we love, honour, revere in man is as invisible to our eyes as the Deity. We see in both cases the manifestations of the spiritual energy, and this alone. And while our friend reveals his thoughts and feelings through a few acts and symbols, the Deity reveals himself through a world of wonders. His acts are *laws of nature*, and the universe his *symbol*.

The chief reason of our forgetfulness of God is the absorption of our minds in other things, or in other words, the lack of *attention*. It is here as in other cases. A botanist travels all day through the fields—he has seen every flower, but at night he shall be able to remember distinctly, hardly another object in the whole extent of country which he has traversed. A man of business, intent on some particular purpose, hurries through the streets of a busy city; a thousand faces pass him, a thousand spectacles are ever before him, and yet he hardly sees them more than if he were in the desert. So we hurry on through life intent on our earthly schemes and cares and pleasures, and forget him who is our life and strength and hope.

And perhaps not only inattention and indifference, but the imperfect nature of modern science helps to hide the tokens of the Divine presence from us. True and perfected science must of course conduct to God. It goes back in the chain of causes and effects, and finds the first link bound to the throne of Heaven. On every depart-

ment of knowledge it rears an altar of worship. Of course I am saying nothing against science. Every step taken in it carries us forward one step in civilization. Yet in religion—while it has done much to remove superstition, and to clear away obstructions to a reasonable worship, in one respect it has sometimes been injurious, or I would rather say, has *performed but half its office*. It carries us into the retirements of nature, penetrates into and discloses her hidden processes, and reveals the laws by which they proceed. Here too often it stops. The order of nature we ascribe to a law,—forgetting that a law is nothing but an arrangement of things prescribed by mind, and is dead, unless there be behind some energy to enforce it. We have thus often put the laws of nature, as it were a wall between us and God. Science, instead of converting nature into a medium through which we may see the Power that sustains and controls nature, and thus bringing our souls nearer to him, has too often stopped in nature and its laws. So far as religion is concerned, one is tempted to think that the people of the ancient world, in spite of their superstition, viewed nature by the light of a higher science than we. Over the whole world they beheld the footsteps of Deity. To their minds the rivers were gods, and by the cool brim of the fountain sat some presiding deity, and the summits of the hills and the shadows of the woods were hallowed with worship. Here was immense error and superstition to be sure, but in this way we see how strongly all that they beheld impressed them with the fact, that through nature, and over nature, was a Power higher than any thing we see in the material world. It were well for us, if with our freedom from their superstitions and with our higher knowledge, we had more of that reverent feeling which should make us “look through nature up to nature’s God.”

If it be important for a little child to keep up a sense of its connexion with and dependence on a parent, it is infinitely more important that we should have a constant sense of the nearness and providence of God. And by all the myriad manifestations of himself, he calls our attention to his presence and care. Give to them the same thought that we give to other things, and heaven and earth would resound to our ears with his name. We look on some masterpiece of painting. We dwell on it, we admire it. But we stop not here. We are not satisfied till we know who could produce this work of art, and we are interested in all that concerned him.

The man who can be thus interested beholds every evening the whole west hung along with the pomp of sunset clouds, kindling with changing hues that no human skill can imitate; and when this scene of glory is removed, darkness is slowly drawn over the sky as if it were some vast pavilion under which the weary world may rest in peace. As I look at this spectacle, shall not my thoughts rise to him who has made the west flame with ever-changing splendour, and who from below the eastern horizon leads up the shadows that shall curtain our repose?

The philosopher reveals to us the wonderful powers of electricity. He can almost imitate the lightnings of heaven. And we will gratefully sit at his feet and learn. And yet he has done but half his office, unless he goes further and raises our thoughts to that Being in whose grasp these mightiest powers of nature are but feeblest instruments. If from the study of nature I do not learn this, the savage in the wilderness, who as he hears the thunders crash above his head and the tempest rock to and fro the mighty branches of the forest, says to his dismayed children,—Listen, for God is speaking,—may, so far as my individual welfare is concerned, teach me a higher and more valuable lesson than any I have learned from my philosophy.

Science takes the rainbow apart and shows me how it is formed, and to strip it of all enchantment will in humble degree imitate that glorious arch itself. And gladly may we learn this. But science has but imperfectly performed her office, if she has not raised my thoughts to him who hung that bow in the clouds. When the little band—the survivors of a world came forth from the ark, and stood with sad thoughts on the ancient earth which the flood had hardly left, and saw the long darkness that had enveloped them break along the horizon and the light stream in, and that majestic bow hang in the clouds, God made it speak to their hearts of his Providence, and of a goodness which should never fail.

When o'er the green undeluged earth,
Heaven's covenant, thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth,
To watch the sacred sign!
And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child,
To bless the bow of God.

The spirit that prompted the mother, in the lesson she taught her child,—that spirit which causes one to see in the glorious works of nature the signs and emblems of the beneficent presence of God, is, after all, to me as an immortal being, the highest that I can learn. When we thus view the works of nature, our souls are brought into the presence of God, and every grove becomes a temple, and all earth is hallowed ground.

II. I have dwelt so long on these topics, that I have little time left to consider the feeling with which we ought to view this doctrine of the omnipresence of Deity.

“Thou God seest me.” When this truth of the constant presence and inspection of Deity is brought fully before men’s minds, many are apt to regard it as something to fill them with fear and trembling. On the other hand, (unless one intends to persevere and harden himself in a course of sin,) it seems to me, that if there be any truth which ought to fill us with cheerfulness and confidence and hope, it is this. No doubt the sense of God’s presence should fill the mind with awe, but it should be an awe cheerful, reverent, grateful. Did we feel as we ought, how would all innocent pleasures be enhanced and brightened by the thought, that he who gives alike the means and power of enjoyment is a witness of our happiness. We have friends at a distance about whose welfare we are anxious. Surely it ought to be the cause of deepest gratitude, that the best Friend of all is as near them, and that his guardian Providence protects them as much, when away from us as when beneath our own eyes. The parent is waked in the night by the furious storm that beats on his dwelling, and his thoughts fly to his child, whose frail bark, far away, is then tossing on the seas; and as he involuntarily utters the prayer—O God, protect my child,—surely it is a most precious conviction, that he at whose word the tempest is hushed is as near his son when his vessel drives madly before the blast as when it lies moored in its haven. Does adversity fall on us, or sickness prostrate us? We should be crushed by them did we not know that these things come not by chance—that he who controls the courses of the skies still more controls the allotments of our lives. But with this knowledge, these heavy burdens fall from us, and in the midst of darkened earthly prospects a higher light shines in upon us. Or we lose one dear to us; we follow him to the grave. How wretched were we without this faith in the omnipresent energy of God! Here our power stops. We have only lamentations and tears.

But there is a power that penetrates the tomb. There is a power that rescues the soul from the wreck of death, and raises it to a higher and immortal life. And it is on our faith in the universal presence and providence of that Power, that is based our hope of again meeting in a higher world those that we have loved and honored in this.

But, it is said, the consciousness of our sins makes the thought of God's presence fearful to us. I answer that it ought not so to be to any one who has a sincere desire to escape from sin. There are few who sin because of the love of sinning, but because of moral weakness and the presence of pressing temptations. There are few whose desires are not better than their practice, and few who would not be rejoiced at that aid which should enable them to remain steadfast in the paths of virtue. And of all influences to make the prodigal child of earth pause and reflect, none can be more powerful, than the consciousness of God's presence; and what thought can be more grateful to the repentant prodigal, than that there still remains a Father's house to which he may return.

There is still another reason why we should cherish the thought of the Divine presence. All sin has its origin in the heart. He who would be a good man must keep guard over the thoughts, affections and desires of the heart. His greatest care must be over that which is removed from the sight of man. To this retirement of the heart, public censure and the fear of earthly penalties cannot reach. The idea of concealment seems to offer impunity to him who is regardless of the state of his heart. And while the outside, from the fear of man, may be kept fair; within, it may be full of bitterness, ashes and death. This presence and constant inspection of God furnish what we all need,—a motive, constantly acting, to keep our hearts as blameless as our lives. The presence of a man, of a child even, will hush the impious lip and stay the guilty hand. Infinite is the power of an impartial witness to restrain men from guilty deeds. Let the thought of the presence of God be habitual to our minds,—of that God to whom our minds are unveiled and whose eye follows around the motions of the most secret thought, and we should no more dare to indulge a wrong thought, than to do a wrong act. We should shrink as sensitively from an evil feeling, as from a guilty deed. We should shudder at finding we had indulged a desire which God condemns, as we should now shudder at finding we had done what must disgrace and degrade us before the world. There is scarcely

any other sufficient and trustworthy security against evil in the heart—nothing which shall make one cherish these pure and right desires only, but the keeping up of a constant sense of the presence and oversight of God. He who has just risen from his knees to pray against temptation will not dare to yield to it; and he whose mind, by habit, keeps up the consciousness of him who is the Judge of the heart, will not dare to let an evil spirit enter into its chambers. Dwelling consciously in the presence of him who is pure, he will keep his heart pure. Living under the eye of that Being who is most holy, his own soul will in time be transfigured and hallowed by the sacred light.

Why then should we cherish a sense of the presence of God? Because we are weak, and he is the only real source of strength. Because we are tempted, and it is before the brightness of his presence alone that the powers of evil flee away. Because we are mortal, and he alone can shed on the bed of death the hope of an immortal life. Because we are his children, and the highest bliss of earth is to live consciously as his children under his benignant eye. Therefore may we bless God that he is never far away from any one of us,—that our weaknesses are known to him,—and that none of our wants are passed over by his observant eye.

A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

"Some may think it a weakness, but I have had the remains of my wife brought from England, and laid beside those of my daughter."

Rock'd by the mighty winds of ocean, speed,
 Thou rushing vessel! o'er th' Atlantic blue,
 Bearing the looked for treasures of old worlds,
 Till from a fresher soil gaze anxious eyes
 To mark thy foam-washed prow with eager joy.
 Bringest thou wand'ers home? and bringest thou
 The lonely exile to an unknown shore?
 The sad—the gay—the busy—dost thou waft,
 Prisoned within thy wooden bounds' short space,
 Soon with quick throbbing hearts to be set free,

Never, perchance, to meet on sea or land ?
 Dull bales of precious merchandize bring'st thou,
 Wherewith our youthful luxury may deck
 Her thousand—thousand rising shrines ?

Brave ship !

In thy dim hold one burden strange thou bear'st !
 Once too it throbbed with heart as quick and warm,
 And its fair form was robed in tissues soft ;
 But the cold change came o'er it, years ago.
 Not to vain pomp—not to the busy mart—
 Not to man's earthly hopes—no ! not to life,
 Belongs that holier coffer, gently raised
 By rev'rent hands, and borne away where tears
 Greet th' unconscious relics from far lands.
 Sad—sad—but fitting welcome, when the dead
 Come from their foreign graves, long tenanted,
 To seek a sweeter rest 'mid kindred dust !—

—Why, after widowed years, hath his lone heart
 Prompted the sorrowing man to call at last
 That sacred dust across the waters rude,
 From its far distant solitary grave ?
 Why do his trembling hands and weeping eyes
 Tell of old pangs renewed, as thus he lays
 The precious burden in a later tomb,
 And with his manhood's sorrow fresh in age
 Bends in a double wo o'er all it holds ?—

—There, stranger ! lies *her* child ! the bright one left
 To charm away his bitter early grief.
 There lies she—her sweet mission done—laid low
 In summer-bloom of life, and virtue too,
 Her grave kept ever green with tears ; and where
 Should the fond mother's bones repose, but *there* ?
 It was a holy and a soothing task.
 Have not their angel-spirits met in joy ?
 Gaze not their seraph faces from yon skies
 With mingling looks of love on him bereft ?
 Blend not their voices sweetly in their hymns ?
 Together, lo ! they live, and love, and learn,
 In their bright progress through increasing light,
 Through ever-growing knowledge, faith, and bliss.
 Together in the skies ? then oh ! most fit
 That in *one* grave their faded charms should lie,
 In one calm grave their honored ashes sleep,
 Emblem as beautiful as earth can yield
 Of union—such as heaven alone can weave.

SKETCHES DRAWN FROM THE NEW TESTAMENT.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

THE sun had sunk to rest behind the hills of Jerusalem, the cedar groves and the light palm trees waved in the cool evening breeze, while the weary and heart-stricken inhabitants bathed their temples in the plashing fountains, vainly striving in this hour of rest to drive out the thought that they were no longer the favored people of Jehovah, but were grovelling in the dust, trampled into submission by the grinding power of Herod. Still the prophecy was treasured in their hearts, that their nation should be redeemed; and surely that hour must be at hand, for "the sceptre had indeed departed from Judah, and the lawgiver from between his feet." Did not the Roman soldiers garrison their towns, the Roman taxgatherers demand the tribute of their bondage? Did not every day witness the slavery, the degradation, the wretchedness of the chosen people of God? Would that great Being desert them now in their hour of need? Would he not rather stretch forth his right arm, and lift again the drooping head of Jerusalem, that she might overlook the world, and bid defiance to the conquering Gentile? "Weep not, oh Jerusalem," breathed many a trusting heart, "for the hour is nigh at hand, when the Lord shall send his chosen One to exalt thee above all nations." And quietly and patiently did such hearts hope on, until the appointed time. Others again, dreaming but of earthly dominion and power, nursed their warlike passions, and paced their streets, as if they expected at every corner the Messiah would appear to their longing eyes, clad in Heaven's armour, and point the way to freedom and victory.

How fervently did many a proud descendant of David, who could trace her genealogy to the shepherd-king, pray in her heart of hearts that she might be the mother of the great Deliverer; and how many a father watched his noble boy, with the secret conviction that he would one day be summoned by the Almighty to drive out the oppressor, and to plant the banner of Jerusalem upon the walls of Rome itself. "But the battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift," and the ways of the Almighty are "past finding out." Not at Jerusalem only were such thoughts pondered at this

hour. In an upper chamber of an humble dwelling in the little city of Nazareth—a place of so mean repute that it had become a by-word among the Israelites—sat a young girl in the first bloom of womanhood. The evening breeze played among the rich tresses that shaded her brow, as resting her head against the open lattice, her dark and earnest eyes gazed upon the coming stars. The expression of her whole form and face was spiritual. A half opened scroll was upon her knee, which the shades of evening had compelled her to relinquish; her distaff, lying unheeded by her side, told of her daily occupation, while the scanty, humble furniture around proclaimed her one of Israel's lowliest daughters. What could have been the thoughts of that heart? Were they, too, full of indignation at Judah's departed glory? Or did she, too, weep for the sins of her nation, and meekly bow in submission to the punishment that had fallen upon her people? Did she, too, remember the prophecy, and did she believe that the hour was at hand, when the sun of Israel should again arise in unclouded splendour?—But why does the color deepen upon her cheek, the tear tremble in her eye? Why does she bend her head and fold her hands, as if in humble supplication? What can have been the sin of that pure mind? Has she dwelt too long or too earnestly upon her coming happiness with the chosen of her heart? Has she pictured to herself, in more glowing colors than is becoming a Jewish maiden not yet summoned to the house of her husband, the love and care that should hallow their dwelling? Or has she, too, remembered that David was among her ancestors, and dared to hope that she might be the appointed one from among the mothers of Israel? Such indeed had been the aspiration of the moment. Yet it was but for a moment, for the lowly heart of the maiden sank abashed at her own temerity, and prostrated itself before her fathers' God. Not long was the suppliant without a message of peace, and once more her face is raised to the stars, with even more of spiritual serenity than before.

Unheeded the hours of the night passed on, still reclined the maiden against the open window, still did her thoughts recur to the promised Messiah, when lo! a soft yet dazzling light illumines her chamber, and a voice beyond description musical breaks upon the solemn stillness of the hour, filling her whole soul with contending emotions of wonder, fear and adoration. "Hail! thou that art highly favored," it said, "blessed art thou among women, for the Lord is with thee."

The voice had ceased ere the startled girl had gathered courage to gaze upon the being, who had thus as it were answered to her inmost thoughts. For a moment she feared it was some spirit sent to rebuke her for the lofty aspirations in which she had been indulging, and tremblingly she threw herself upon her knees, and called aloud upon the God of Israel. "Fear not, Mary," again breathed that voice, "for thou art chosen to be the mother of Israel's Saviour, the Son of the Highest, to whose kingdom there shall be no end." Before the sounds had ceased all terror had passed from the heart of the "child-like virgin," and meekly crossing her hands upon her breast, she dared to lift her head to gaze upon the celestial visitant who had uttered these strange yet joyful tidings; and could she still have doubted, that gaze alone would have confirmed her faith. Midway in the humble chamber stood that bright and glorious being, who waits ever at the right hand of the Omnipotent to do his bidding to the children of earth. Love, sympathy, compassion, joy and adoration, all were mingled in the heavenly smile that sent confidence into the heart of Mary, as she reverently lifted her eyes to him who had saluted her, as "blessed among women." Her imprisoned words at length found utterance, and while she tremblingly believed, she confessed the trouble of her heart. "Lord, how can these things be? Behold, I have not yet departed from my father's house." Still the benignant smile beamed from the angel's face, as he finished his mission of love. "Yet doubt not, Mary; with God nothing is impossible. His spirit shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee, and that holy one that shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God. Not to thee alone have I been sent, but to the husband of thine aged cousin Elizabeth, and she too shall become a mother in Israel." While yet the angel lingered, Mary, raising her clasped hands to heaven, fearlessly committed herself to her Father's guidance. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord," she uttered, "be it unto me according to thy word!"—and bowing her head upon the low cushion she had quitted, she strove to ponder in her mind the mysteries she had heard; but exhausted nature could endure no more, and the stars looked down upon the sleeping face of this trusting child of Heaven.

THE VISIT TO ELIZABETH.

With the morning's sun, the virgin of Nazareth awoke. Her soul was still too full of the vision of the night, to even wonder that she should be there at that hour and in that garb. Then the fear that it might have been a dream disturbed for a time her first rapturous thoughts. "But the angel spake of Elizabeth," said she musingly; "I will arise, and go to her; she can satisfy my doubts; of her sympathy at least I am sure." And springing from the floor, she hastily disposed of her few household cares, and made herself ready for immediate departure. A short time sufficed to complete her eager preparations, and before the sun had reached its noonday height, accompanied by a single servant, she had turned her face towards the hill country, where was the abode of Elizabeth.

What tongue can describe the rapture of Mary, when at the close of her long journey she entered the dwelling of her cousin, and her salutation was answered in the words of the angel who had spoken to her in her chamber at Nazareth! "Blessed art thou among women" broke from the lips of the matron, as reverently and affectionately she stretched forth her arms to her young kinswoman, who bent her head for the kiss of welcome; "whence is this, that the mother of my Lord should come to me? Blessed is she that believed,"—she continued, a shade of sadness mingling with the exultation that illumined her aged features, as her eye involuntarily glanced upon her husband, who, incapable of speech, dared not so much as approach the young creature whose faith had so far surpassed his own.

Now did Mary believe with her whole soul, and delivering herself up to the enthusiastic adoration which swelled her heart, thrilling words of praise and thanksgiving burst forth from her lips, and the gentle, timid girl became the lofty and inspired prophetess. "Now doth my soul magnify the Lord," she cried, "and my spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour; for he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden. For behold, henceforth all generations shall call me blessed, for he that is mighty hath done unto me great things; and holy is his name, and his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation. He hath shewed strength with his arm, he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he

hath sent empty away; and he hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy, as he spake to our fathers, to Abraham and to his seed forever!"

Nor was there but one hour of this holy converse; three precious months had rolled away ere Mary rose to leave her cousin, months devoted to the spiritual intercourse of these two humble beings, chosen by the love and wisdom of the Almighty to be the instruments of salvation to the world. Yet, even they themselves, in their highest aspirations and deepest gratitude, had not conceived the full measure of love prepared for a world that was struggling as it were between life and death.

The months passed quickly, and Mary again crossed the threshold of her home. But here a trial hard to bear awaited her, for there was one whose eager step of welcome was arrested, the joy of whose eye was turned to suspicion, as it rested upon her after her long absence; and breaking away from her entreaties that he would listen to her, he buried his face in his mantle, and rushing forth into the open air, plunged into the recesses of the neighbouring wood.

Did the maiden's faith forsake her at this hour, when all her bright prospects were darkened by the scorn and doubt of him to whom she had clung for love and guidance? Did the disappointment of her trusting hope that he would believe her *true*, if she did but *ask* him, did the fearful fate that awaited her if his love should be turned to hate, and she be delivered over to all the horrors of the law,—did such thoughts disturb her trust in God? Tears, human tears coursed down her cheeks; and angels themselves might have wept, not more from sympathy than from triumph in the constancy of this frail child of earth, as she murmured, "Forsake me not entirely, oh Lord; behold, I am thine handmaiden, be it unto me according to thy word."

Far different were the feelings of him who had been so sorely smitten, as buried in the darkest glades of the forest he had sought, he lay upon the ground in all the abandonment of grief. Bitter, anxious thoughts distracted his soul. Could it be that she whom he had almost revered could have so fallen from her pure estate? "At least, I will put her privately away," he mentally resolved, rising on his feet, and pacing the narrow space around him, "none but her parents' eyes shall behold the bill of divorcement that I must place in her bosom." For his soul recoiled at the thought of the contempt and scorn and death that would be heaped

upon the unfortunate victim, if he should deliver her up to the rigor of the law. Somewhat relieved by this sad but softened view of his duty, he threw himself again upon the turf, and exhausted by his contending emotions fell asleep.

Ever mindful of the sufferings of his creatures, the Almighty again sent forth his angel to speak peace to his heart-stricken servant. "Fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife," whispered that bright being, as bending to the ear of the sleeping Joseph he revealed to him the will of the Supreme; "fear not, for the power of God has visited her, and thou shalt call her child Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." And no longer did he fear, for the morning sun found him at the side of Mary, entreating her to enter that home which he had prepared for her, and promising that, while their mutual faith in the promises of Heaven should strengthen with every hour, his love and confidence should guard her against every glance that might flash from the eye of the world's suspicion.

T.

THE WITHERING OF THE FRUITLESS FIG-TREE.

MARK XI. 12-14; ALSO, MATTHEW XI. 18, 19.

THIS is a mysterious act of our Lord. It is of a different character from his other miracles, which have all beneficial ends. Why should he have destroyed a tree which had merely disappointed his hunger; especially when it appears that he had no right to look for fruit from it, "for the time of figs was not yet?"

To begin with the latter of these difficulties; "the time of figs" means, not the time of the first appearance of the fruit, but the time for gathering the ripe fruit. Such is the meaning of a similar form of expression in Matthew xxi. 34, "And when the time of the fruit drew near, he sent his servants to the husbandmen, that they might receive the fruits of it." Here "the time of the fruit" can only mean the time of the ripe fruit. Besides, the tree is spoken of by the Evangelists, (not probably without reason, but with a view of showing why our Lord expected to find fruit on it,) as "having

leaves." This was an indication that it might have fruit near maturity ; for the fig-tree puts forth its fruit before its leaves. It was the season of the year then, when figs were nearly or wholly ripe, and before they were usually gathered ; the very time, when, if this tree ever bore fruit, fruit was to be looked for upon it.

This explanation, it may be said, would throw much light on the passage, if the words, "the time of figs was not yet," occurred as a reason why our Lord sought fruit on the tree ; but they seem rather to be given as a reason why he did not find it. According to this interpretation, the clauses of the passage should be arranged thus ; "He came, if haply he might find any thing thereon, for the time of figs was not yet ; and when he came he found nothing but leaves."

I think they are to be understood so, notwithstanding their actual collocation. And if it seem strange that the writer should have adopted an arrangement which throws no little obscurity over his meaning, I can only say that it is no more than was to have been expected in writers so artless as the Evangelists every where show themselves to have been, and no more than we occasionally find in them. A perfectly similar instance occurs in this same Evangelist, where there can be no doubt of his meaning ; Mark xvi. 3, 4, "And they said among themselves, who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre ? And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away, for it was very great." No one can doubt that the words "for it was very great," express the reason why the question, "who shall roll," &c. was asked, though a complete sentence intervenes. Our translators indeed have enclosed the intervening sentence in a parenthesis, which somewhat relieves the difficulty to the eye, but all such marks are modern invention. Mark xii. 12, presents a parallel example ; "And they sought to lay hold on him, but feared the people, for they knew that he had spoken the parable against them." Here the last clause gives the reason of their seeking to lay hold of him, and not of their fearing the people, as a strict interpretation would make it to mean.

But grant that the tree never had, and never would have, borne fruit,—it was its nature, as it sometimes is of individuals of fruit-bearing species, to be barren. Still it was an agreeable object to the eye ; it was at least harmless ; why curse it ?

I suspect that word *curse* to be at the bottom of a good deal of the embarrassment which this passage has occasioned. According to its popular acceptance, it places Jesus in an aspect in which we are reluctant to contemplate him. But a little reflexion will serve to divest it of revolting associations. "To curse" means—to call down evil, usually with an implication that it is done with malevolent passion. It is used, however, of inspired prophets commissioned to announce the future woes appointed to fall on wicked men, with whatever calmness, solemnity and pity they may execute their commission. So this act of Jesus must be regarded as a perfectly calm exercise of his miraculous power. To the question, why it was done at all, I am free to answer, I cannot tell, nor do I think it very important to know, or worth while to indulge in a vain conjecture of imaginary reasons. The supposition that it was intended to typify the destruction of the Jewish nation is gratuitous, founded on some imagined reference to the *parable* of the barren fig-tree. The only use which Jesus is said to have made of it, was to draw from it a lesson of the power of faith. Perhaps this was all; though it seems to me more probable that this was only an incidental use of it, and that the main purpose of the act is passed over in silence by the sacred historians. Though I cannot enter into all the reasons of it, I have learned enough of Jesus from his whole history, to be willing to believe that this was not a useless or ostentatious act of power, that only our ignorance of the accompanying circumstances causes difficulty respecting it, and that if we were in possession of all the facts of the case, we should see that some end was answered by it, well worth the destruction of a beautiful tree.

C. P.

FURNESS'S PRAYERS.*

THERE are no books which one is less disposed to criticise, than books of devotion. And yet there is perhaps no composition, with which it is so difficult to satisfy all minds, or to satisfy ourselves,

* Domestic Worship. By W. H. Furness, Pastor of the First Congregational Unitarian Church in Philadelphia. 12mo. pp. 275. 1840.

as the composition of prayers. So strongly have we felt this, that we have been ready to say, prayers were never meant to be written. A genuine prayer is the breathing of the soul in tones and sentiments that cannot be transferred to paper. We never read a prayer, with the same feeling that we hear or offer it. The most beautiful and perfect portions of the English Service depend chiefly, for their power, upon the spirit and manner of him who repeats them. And in proportion as we forget that he is reading, and are able to catch the sentiment as coming from the soul rather than the book, do we share and enjoy it as devotion. That much of this is the effect of habit, there can be no doubt. It casts no reproach upon written forms, nor the slightest suspicion upon the piety of those who use them. We should be sorry to be thought capable of such a suspicion. That which we are saying has no reference to the reality or the degree of piety. It may be all a matter of individual feeling—but none the less real. It will account at least for that which we are about to say, and for which no better reason probably can be given; viz, that in the book before us, as in every book of prayers that we ever opened, we have found less than we desired or hoped to find. And yet in the same breath must we say, we have found more than in any other collection.

This volume differs in its arrangement from others of similar character, and differs to advantage. The prayers are not assigned to particular days, an arrangement that may have some advantages, but to which there are some objections. They are simply numbered here, fifteen for the morning and as many for the evening. These are followed by three morning and three evening prayers for Sunday, and two "Forms of social service" for the aid of families or societies who have no stated means of religious worship. Twelve forms for "Occasions" are then given, and the book is closed with a few original and beautiful Hymns.

The whole spirit of the volume is delightful. It is fervid, subduing and elevating. It comes nearer to actual prayer, as we have just said, than anything we have seen. There are excellent collections among us, which have given satisfaction to thousands, and have done, we know, great good. They will continue to do good. To many minds, and classes, they may be more satisfactory than this. But for a certain order of minds, this will fill a place that has not been filled before. There is a propriety as well as purity, a refinement without

formality, and occasional pathos and sublimity, that give the volume an original character, and make it not merely "another prayer-book." We value it particularly for the distinction, that its prayers are, for the most part, strictly petitions, and not dissertations. Few things are more offensive than the forms of harangue, description, local information, and formal argument, which we sometimes find both in spoken and written prayers. Of these there is little comparatively in this volume, though we were sometimes led to think of it, and to desire greater simplicity. We might complain too, and many will complain, of too great length in most of the prayers. Directness and brevity are essential to the creation, if not to the utterance, of true devotion. That we sometimes allow ourselves, in public or social devotion, to forget for a moment that we are actually addressing a being, and that that being is God—or that remembering Him alone, we lose sight of the nature of *man*, and think of what he should be, not of what he is—may be the cause of much of the want of interest and efficacy attending these exercises. If indeed they are designed for contemplation alone, to affect, by their own power only, the minds and hearts of those who use them, the defects to which we refer may be less important.

We have a growing and at times oppressive conviction, that nothing is so much needed, at this time and at all times, as to sustain and extend a living faith in the personal relation of man to God, and the direct providence of God over man. We believe nothing will do so much to sustain this faith, as the inculcation and exercise of *prayer*—public, domestic and private. Of the cessation of prayer, we have no fear. As soon should we fear the cessation or extinction of truth. God has provided for both in the eternal principles of his own and our nature. But we do fear,—rather we know, for they own it,—that some of the best minds derive not half the comfort they might from the exercise of prayer, because of the vagueness of their faith in its object, and their merely philosophical views of its efficacy. We think not thus of the writer before us. No heart can pour forth such devotions, that is not filled with a living faith in their efficacy. We thank him for their glowing spirit, and for the help they will afford to many a thirsting mind. Such helps are greatly needed; needed not less, but more, as society advances in its different paths. The ignorant and the cultivated need them. The confirmed, the skeptical, and the mystical need them. They are wanted in the family, they may

comfort and encourage the individual. From whatever motive they are used, they can hardly be used without benefit.

Why are they used so little? It is supposed there is an increasing disuse of forms and stated services, especially in families. Domestic worship is said to be less common than formerly, even among those who take the position and are allowed the character of Christians. We have no means of knowing the fact, but we see reasons for believing it. It is clearly the tendency of the times to distrust all forms, and too much the practice of Christians to disparage them. To many this is a sign of good, rather than of evil. It indicates to them a growth in spirituality, less reliance upon the outward, greater interest in the inward life. God grant that it be so. We should rejoice to believe it. But as yet we cannot. We do not see this growth of spirituality in other and positive expressions. This is negative. And the fact that it is negative, and yet taken, trusted, and welcomed as proof of progress, surprises us most of all. "I do not think much of forms," is thought to show that the young man or woman who says it, does think much of that which is better than forms. "I see no need of ordinances, they seem to me puerile and sensual," is admitted as proof that the man has got beyond ordinances. "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life," is urged as argument against the very injunctions of the Gospel that contains it, nay, sometimes against the probability or necessity of revelation itself. We desire better evidence of spirituality, and should be pleased with better specimens of reasoning. We are not satisfied that Christianity is outgrown. We cannot suppose, that the God who gave revelation, and the Saviour who enjoined prayers and ordinances both by precept and example, overrated human weakness and failed of foreseeing human progress. We say not this lightly. God forbid. We say it in no contempt or reproval. It is a simple but strong feeling, which comes over us not to dishearten but to amaze, when we hear many of the young and old speak as they do of prayer, of worship, of providence, and revealed religion. It cannot be, that faith in these must grow fainter, with increase of knowledge and privilege. The expansion of intellect, if such it be in reality,—the world's experience and advancement,—should make us feel more, and not less, our dependence on the Power that is over us, and our obligations for the means of communion which are graciously given. If the soul grows, it will take more delight in approaching God in the ways of his appointment, and in all

ways. As it muses and burns, it will discern more beauty, and find more power, in the symbols of devotion which are granted and suited to humanity. It will seek, and not avoid or suppress, the utterance of its yearning emotions. Spirituality cannot tend to insensibility or selfishness. The love of truth, fellowship with man, sympathy with Christ who gave himself for the world, likeness to God the universal Father—can these be evinced or increased, by silence, solitude, individuality, neglect of means, distrust of worship, and the deification of reason, if not of self?

Whatever views men may take of the object of prayer, or of religious service and ordinance generally, it would seem that none could doubt the propriety or usefulness of domestic devotion. We appeal to no scripture authority, in its support. We frame no argument for it. We cannot call it, as we have known it called, an observance essential to salvation. But how any can needlessly and coldly neglect it, we are at a loss to see. If anything is natural, it is this. They who are most true to their nature, will fly to it as a privilege. Shall we who are united by the closest ties, who sleep under the same roof, who sit at the same table, who rejoice in health as one body, and suffer all if one member suffer—shall we refuse to kneel together at the domestic shrine? When the common heart rejoices, shall it find no common utterance? When it bleeds, shall it find no sympathy of prayer? Shall this alone never unite us? We believe that for the individual and the family, for those who are as one, whose most precious privileges, whose deepest feelings and truest prayers cluster around the altar of Home, it is verily "a good thing, to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High; to show forth thy loving kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night." We feel no willingness to enlarge upon this as a mere duty. If any neglect it because its obligation cannot be made out, or observe it because they fear to omit a formal duty, they understand neither the nature nor pleasure of domestic worship.

But the greatest hindrance to all worship, is the refined fatalism of the day. We know not what else to term it. It is not the old doctrine of fatalism, but it tends to similar results. It is not peculiar to our times, but it is showing itself in some new forms. Old or new, peculiar or common, we can reconcile it neither with Christianity nor with sound philosophy. There are views of the efficacy of prayer,

there are doubts and assertions about the laws of nature and the order of providence, which seem to say, that in some things at least "the disciple is above his master, and the servant above his Lord." For if Christ has not given different views and promises in regard to providence and prayer, we know little of the meaning of words. If even his knowledge of man and of God is admitted, setting aside the question of authority, there are difficulties and objections continually started now, which should feel humbled and abashed in the presence of the great Teacher. Does prayer avail nothing, because God cannot *change*? It is *because* he cannot change, that prayer "availeth much." His promise is as immutable as his nature or his laws. His promise is a revelation of his nature, and a part of his laws. His unchangeableness is the pledge, not the obstruction, to the answer and the efficacy of prayer. It is the unchangeableness of right and of mercy, not of stern destiny and fatality. He has promised blessing to the suppliant, precisely as he has promised pardon to the penitent. Does the one prove a change in God, more than the other? Is forgiveness to the repentant sinner no change? Then is the granting of favor to him who asks, when before it was withheld, no change. We see no objection to the proper efficacy of prayer, that does not press equally upon the efficacy of repentance, or the use of any means—the use indeed of exertions to obtain bread, or to save life.

Of this question Mr. Furness has taken some notice, in the long and able introduction which he has prefixed to this volume of prayers; and that is one reason of our introducing it. For if we take and would express an honest view of the entire book, we must express a dissent from some of the positions which he assumes. His definition of prayer does not meet our idea. "To pray is to want; the consciousness of a want is, substantially, a prayer." Except in the most general sense, and with larger and nicer qualifications than follow this definition, it seems to us very defective. In this sense, it is indeed true, that all men pray; and that "prayer thus defined, even the cavils of Atheism cannot reach." But neither, we think, does this reach the spirit and meaning of prayer. We cannot feel, that, "when the Scripture saith, 'Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you,' it only expresses what was already written in the everlasting truth of things." At least we have to ask, whether the everlasting truth of things, in regard to the

prevalence of prayer, is not learned, in great part, by the very revelation of which these promises are a portion. Has any other worshipper such full, joyous assurance as the Christian, "in his communion and intercession with God? And does not this assurance amount to any thing more, than nature and reason, want and the consciousness of want, disclose to man? Mr. Furness argues strongly and well in favor of praying for our daily bread, and for the recovery of a sick friend. But, if we understand him, he supposes these prayers to have no other effect, than that of meditation upon the character and government, the power and mercy of God. Such meditation, such prayer, will enlarge our views, increase faith in our own exertions, render those exertions more active, both for the needed food and the suffering friend, and thus "of course make the possession of the desired good more certain." This is one, and probably the most common view of prayer. It is certainly a most important view. But that it is the highest Christian view, that it comprises all the efficacy of prayer, we are not able to believe. That efficacy, we must think, is not simply the reaction of good thought and holy desire on itself and the mind. Communion with God cannot be all the same, and only the same, as communion with truth and holiness. We may be able to set no limits, we desire to set none, to the good influences of any such communion, through the natural principles which God has planted in the soul. But neither would we limit the power or the will of God to grant us other and distinct influences. That he *can* do this, no theist denies. That he has done it, no Christian denies, for all interposition supposes it. That he has promised always to do it to all who ask and seek aright, is as clear and certain as words in their common acceptation can make it. And the chief ground for denying or doubting it, is that we cannot see *how* it is done. To those with whom that reason is conclusive, and with many it seems imperative, there are no considerations to be offered. For ourselves, as we do not understand the operation of any spiritual influences, not even our own thoughts or will, or the thoughts and will of others upon us, it creates no obstacle to our faith, that we cannot see how God's spirit may operate in answer to prayer. The fact being given, the promise being sure, we are content. It appears to us one of God's attributes and laws, that he will give some blessings only in answer to prayer; and our view of those blessings differs not essentially, not more than the nature of the subject requires, from our view of the gifts of

earthly parents, by which our Lord illustrates and confirms the promise ;—"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father that is in heaven give good things to them that ask him."

E. B. H.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF THE LATE DR.
CHARLES FOLLEN.*

OF the lamented victims of that heart-rending calamity, which within a few days past has overwhelmed, not families only, but the whole community with consternation and grief, there were many inexpressibly dear within the private and domestic circle ; on whose conjugal and parental or filial care multitudes reposed, the very light of their dwellings, the fond trust and hope of confiding and devoted hearts. And of these we may distinguish an individual, who united to the most engaging private virtues some peculiar claims to the public regard. Nor will it, it may be hoped, be deemed any unsuitable indulgence of professional partiality or of personal friendship, should I offer here some brief notices of one, whose voice was welcome in our assemblies, whose history, eventful beyond the customary walks of any professional life, may of itself command our interest, and whose whole character may fitly be exhibited, not so much to gratify curiosity, or even to confer just honors upon his memory, as to show the beauty of virtue, and awaken our generous emulation.

Dr. Charles Follen was a native of Germany, and was born in 1795, at Romrod, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt, one of the confederated States of the German Empire. He was the second son of Christoph Follen, a counsellor at law, and afterwards a judge, who also held a place in the civil government, and from his personal character, not less than his official distinctions, was in high estimation. His son was baptized in the Lutheran Church at Romrod, and without

* As an apology for the form in which these brief notices appear, it may be proper to state, that they were part of a discourse delivered by the writer in the New-North Church in Boston, soon after the tidings of the destruction of the steamboat Lexington by fire, on the night of January 13.

reference to any sectarian tenets was early instructed in the principles of Protestant Christianity. Part of his academical education was received in Giessen, to which place his father had removed; but he afterwards became a student of the more celebrated University of Heidelberg. While engaged in the study of the law, young Follen, with his two brothers, the one older, the other younger than himself, joined as a volunteer the troops of his native state, and as a soldier of the Allies of Europe entering France in 1814, was quartered with his regiment at Lyons, and partook in some of those memorable struggles which finally issued in the overthrow of the government of Napoleon.

At the close of his military engagement he returned to the study of his profession. While pursuing this, he became deeply interested in the movements already commenced in Germany in favor of free institutions. His love of liberty, civil and religious, uniting itself with a love of his race, and with a patriotic ardor which he shared largely with the youth of his country, was a deep and cherished sentiment of his heart. And it was in the opening of his professional career, when he had but just passed the manly age, that by his bold defence of the rights of the communities of his native state against the exactions of the Grand Duke, he first incurred the displeasure of despotic rulers. In 1817 he took his degree of Doctor of Laws, and repaired to Jena as a teacher in that University. But after the assassination of Kotzebue by Sand, in 1819, Dr. Follen was suspected of having been privy to the intentions of that misguided enthusiast, and was arrested for the purpose of being confronted with him.* His innocence, however,

* The assassination of Kotzebue occurred at Mannheim, the place of his residence, March 23, 1819. The perpetrator, Charles Louis Sand, was a young student of Theology, and distinguished from his earliest years for mildness of disposition and exemplary deportment. But his imagination was inflamed to insanity by a passion for liberty, which pervaded at that time the best and purest of the young men of Germany. He detested Kotzebue as the enemy of freedom, as a traitor to his own country, and as the spy of the Russian government, engaged to lend his aid to despotism. Hence, on the occurrence of the memorable tumult at Göttingen, which ended in the dispersion of twelve hundred students, when Kotzebue applauded the severity, and wrote pamphlets to encourage the imitation of it in other universities, the indignation of all the students against him became exceedingly great. Young Sand persuaded himself that he had a mission from heaven to destroy him; and after a long mental conflict, he resolved to accomplish the deed. Upon the most rigid inquiries, it was not found that he had communicated his purpose to any one whatever. He had kept it locked within the recesses of his own bosom; so that the charge against our friend was wholly groundless.

was completely established. It shone forth as the noon-day, as in the bright light of his own serene and tranquil countenance. But the jealousy of Prussia, instigated by the other Allied Powers, rendered unsafe any expression of liberal opinions; and our friend was compelled to leave his native country, and to take refuge in Switzerland. He was first engaged as an instructor in the gymnasium of Chur (or Coire,) the capital of the Grisons; but soon after accepted an invitation to Basil as Professor of Civil Law; and there in that ancient University, immortalized as the chosen residence and the death-place of Erasmus, he became the associate of De Wette,* and other eminent men, in the editing of a literary journal, and in academic pursuits congenial to his early tastes. Here, too, in this land of freedom, and under the protection, as he hoped, of an independent state, he freely uttered the sentiments which he had long cherished in his heart. But the tyranny of the Prussian government, vexing every place that was or might be within its power, pursued him even to this classic retreat. They looked with suspicion upon Switzerland as a refuge from their own land of the persecuted friends of liberty. They were especially alarmed by the new organization of a university that might become to their own youth a nursery of freedom. They recalled some who had already become students there, and in the name of the Holy Alliance they demanded that Dr. Follen should be surrendered to a Tribunal of inquisition, which by their joint authority had been established in the neighbourhood of Berlin.†

* This eminent theologian was also a sufferer from the same jealous spirit of despotism, which banished Dr. Follen from Germany. After the murder of Kotzebue, De Wette, who was a personal friend of the parents of Sand, deemed it his duty to write a letter of consolation to the agonized mother of that insane youth. For this offence, though he by no means justified the crime, he was driven from Berlin, a place endeared to him as the abode of cherished friends and the scene of his favorite studies, and after some ineffectual efforts to be established as a preacher in his native Weimar, he accepted the Professorship of Divinity in Basil, in 1822.—See an interesting Article on De Wette, in the *Christian Examiner* for May, 1838.

† See a document, published in 1825 in the *National Gazette*, and recently republished in one of our journals. From this it appears, that separate orders from Austria, Prussia and Russia were given for the apprehension of Dr. Follen.

Our friend, together with a fellow-instructor, now honorably engaged as a Professor in our own University at Cambridge,* was accused, among others, of being a mover in a conspiracy to subvert the monarchical states of Germany. He repelled the charge. His attachment to liberty, however ardent, had never betrayed him into criminal projects; and with an indignant eloquence, which we, who have heard him in more tranquil scenes, can well believe he would in such a cause exert, he resisted the claim not only as a violation of personal rights, but of the independence of a free city of Switzerland, in which he had taken up his abode. But the authorities of Basil, though resolved to protect him, were compelled to yield to the arbitrary demand, and this persecuted but generous youth, unwilling to involve others in danger with himself, and finding no hope of an impartial investigation, which he feared not to encounter, but on which he strenuously insisted, secretly withdrew, and under the protection of a passport, which had been obtained for him by another, escaped, first into Italy, thence into France, and being joined in Paris by his friend and fellow-countryman, Dr. Beck, who had left Basil a few days before him, they embarked together at Havre for New York; and thus these pilgrims and confessors came, in December, 1824, to these United States, as to their safe asylum from the jealousy of despotism.

At Philadelphia, our friend devoted himself with characteristic earnestness and with a signal success, to the study of the English language, that he might qualify himself to give lectures on the Civil Law. This course he actually delivered within the year of his arrival. But through the influence of General La Fayette, that devoted friend of freedom and illustrious sufferer in its cause, then on his tour through our country, Dr. Follen was induced to come to New-England, and, aided by other effectual recommendation, he obtained, in December 1825, the appointment of German Instructor in our own University.

On his history since that period it is unnecessary to dwell. His various employments; his conscientious devotion of his time and his gifts, with singular success, in the arduous work of instruction;† his

* Dr. Charles Beck, to whom the writer is indebted for many important facts in this notice.

† It has been observed by a friend, who was associated with him in the University, and had constant opportunity of observing, "that as an instructor,

adoption of the Christian ministry, the fidelity with which he did fulfil, and the graces with which he did adorn it; his manner of life, how he walked so as to please God, in what simplicity and sincerity, in what purity and charity he had his conversation among us; how dear were the relations he formed, and how tender and respectful the love he inspired;—all this is acknowledged, and cannot need my words to declare.

He came hither sixteen years ago a pilgrim and a stranger—ignorant of our language, and himself unknown—with no brighter prospect at his first arrival, than that of sharing with a fellow-emigrant in the cultivation for their subsistence of a farm among his countrymen in Pennsylvania; and now, within this short interval, his character has commanded, wherever it was known, unmingled confidence and love; thousands have heard in their own language the persuasive eloquence of his lips, and all might have been won to virtue by the yet sweeter eloquence of his life. He left his country and his kindred and his father's house, and came hither with scarce a friend to help him but that blessed Friend, the Father and the Helper of us all; and now there are hundreds in this land, both brethren and strangers, who remember with grateful hearts and quivering lips his offices of kindness, and this whole community are mingling their griefs with yet deeper griefs than may be uttered here for his mournful fate.

To them that have known him, it were unnecessary to speak of the rich and varied endowments, by which he was distinguished; of his sound understanding; of the extent and accuracy of his knowledge, the fruit of his excellent education, exceeding the usual standard of attainment in this country; of his industry and patience in the pursuit of truth; of the honesty and fearlessness, with which he embraced it; and the candor and impartiality of his judgment. He happily engrafted on the good stock of national virtue—on the qualities that mark his countrymen, his own individual graces.

And of these—his personal virtues—who that knew him could have failed to observe his simplicity and absolute freedom from guile; his firmness of purpose, and even martyr-like courage in adhering to

there was something so attractive in his earnest and thoughtful mind, and in his quiet and affectionate manner, that he at once won the confidence and respect of his pupils."

principle; united still with the utmost gentleness of spirit, with a meekness and generosity that could pardon, but never give, offence, that could endure, but never inflict, a wrong; the modesty, too, and invariable courtesy of his manners, that united warm sympathies for the humblest with a graceful respect for the excellent and honourable; his active benevolence, expressed in kindness to all, but especially to his destitute fellow-countrymen and emigrants,* "for he knew the heart of a stranger, having himself been a stranger" in our land, and freely did he bestow of his time, his counsel, and, beyond his ability, his purse, to relieve their necessities, and improve (what was near to his heart) their intellectual or moral condition. And, above all, we must not fail to speak of his absolute trust in God, his strong and unshaken faith, that gave form and expression to his piety, that sustained him amidst all the trials of his lot—which were not few,—armed him with a holy courage, lifted him above all fear, and enabled him to say in the darkest hour, "The rock of my defence and my refuge is God."

Many among us have heard his voice in these temples of prayer, and will at once understand me when I speak of the lowly reverence and filial trust, with which he approached the Throne. For myself I may not forget—and even while collecting these imperfect notices I have been reminded by another—of the humble but confiding and joyful tones with which, after an eloquent delineation of some of the calamities of life, he enforced as the only unfailing solace that which was the pervading sentiment of his life. "Trust thou in God," he said, "for I shall yet praise him, who is the help of my countenance and my God."

And much did he need this trust in that dark and mysterious conflict, which he was called to sustain. Death was permitted to approach him in an hour unlooked for, and in a form from which nature shrinks. "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." But whatever were the sorrows of that awful night, so much to be remembered, of this we may be assured, that while life and reason remained, his faith and his courage did not fail. Methinks I hear his voice even as the waves and billows were passing over him,—

* In New York, where Dr. Follen for many months officiated as Pastor of the First Congregational Church, after the resignation of Rev. William Ware, much of his time and labor was given to his countrymen in that city, who resorted to him continually for advice and charity.

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

It is for our solace—as doubtless it was for his strength—that he came to that trying hour in the discharge of duty, in that firmness of purpose and fidelity to engagements, which were parts of his beautiful character, and with which no personal considerations were ever permitted to interfere.* And now, the conflict being passed, and his warfare accomplished, we may securely trust, that to him is fulfilled the promise to the "pure in heart;" that he is already with them, who, having come out of great tribulation, are before the throne of God, serving him in his temple.

"For he, our sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the wat'ry floor.
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him, that walked the waves;
In the blest kingdom meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes."†

F. P.

* The dedication of the church at East Lexington, of which Dr. Follen was called to be Pastor, which was built under his watchful eye, and in some part by subscriptions obtained through his personal influence, had been appointed for Wednesday, January 15, and it was to fulfil this engagement, and to preach the sermon which he had prepared for the occasion, that he left his family in New York, and took passage, though reluctantly, in the steamboat Lexington, on the afternoon of Monday, January 13, two days preceding that of the dedication.

† In the beautiful monody, of which the lines quoted above are a part, Milton laments a learned friend unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester to Ireland, in 1637. When in calm weather, the ship, "*a fatal and perfidious bark*," as he expresses it, suddenly sunk to the bottom, with a large company of passengers, of whom not one escaped.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A SERMON PREACHED AT THE CHURCH IN BRATTLE SQUARE, Jan. 19, 1840, on the Destruction of the Lexington by fire, Jan. 13th. By S. K. Lothrop, Pastor. Boston: pp. 24. 8vo.

A DISCOURSE delivered Jan. 19, 1840, in the First Congregational Unitarian Church, occasioned by the loss of the Lexington. By W. H. Furness, Pastor. Philadelphia: pp. 16. 12mo.

PUBLIC CALAMITIES; a Discourse delivered on occasion of the loss of the Lexington. By Orville Dewey. Printed in the (New York) "New World."

A SERMON OCCASIONED BY THE LOSS OF THE HAROLD AND THE LEXINGTON. Delivered at the Odeon, January 26, 1840. By W. M. Rogers, Pastor of the Franklin Street Church. Boston: Perkins & Marvin. 1840. pp. 18. 8vo.

In most, if not in all, of our churches, the melancholy and appalling disaster of January 13th has been the theme of solemn instruction. Of the sermons occasioned by that calamity, which have been published, we have perused the four whose titles are given above. It is interesting to observe how they all gather their serious lessons around a few of the most sublime doctrines of religion, though following different trains of thought, and exhibiting the peculiar characteristics of the minds of their authors. The opportunity of moving the hearts and confirming the faith of their audiences, which was set before them by such a startling event, was judiciously employed.

Mr. Lothrop's discourse is eloquent in its simplicity and truth, and its affectionate spirit. He does not profess to solve the mysteries of Providence, or to explain the dark enigma of evil, but confines himself to that natural train of thought which a religious view of the many recent calamities, and the last in particular, suggests. The calmness of sentiment which pervades his discourse is both soothing and instructive.

Mr. Furness begins by censuring that absence of true sensibility in the mass of men, which deplores such a calamity so strongly and for-

gets it so soon, and he exposes that fallacious idea which deceives us all, that we bear a charmed life and are individually safe. The uncertainty, the struggle, and the purpose of life, its dependence on the constant arm of Providence, its evident incompleteness without a hereafter, are all illustrated in the circumstances which attended that fearful night upon the wintry waters. Mr. Furness boldly and plainly, but not too violently, censures that haste and carelessness—that mad devotion to gain, which, mingling with the healthful progress of civilization and too often obtaining its praise, are goading on thousands of our countrymen to ruin in life, and to premature deaths. “The great stream which sweeps us along, is not the river of life that flows from the throne of God, but a raging torrent swollen by the thousand little rills of personal ambition.”

Dr. Dewey gave himself up to the expression of the deep and solemn thoughts, which presented themselves to his mind as he reflected and conversed upon the one all-absorbing topic of that week so fearfully commenced. He teaches that such a calamity should not drive us from the belief that “God reigns,” for it is least of all in such a fearful blow that we can support ourselves without this belief. We are to include this dire calamity under the general discipline and allowance of Providence, and to improve it as one of those evils which teach us solemn truths. The preacher likewise censured that daring and reckless spirit which characterises our times, and softened the severity of the blows which of late our community has suffered by presenting the unnumbered catalogue of blessings which we enjoy.

“There is sorrow on the sea ; there are evil tidings on the land. Why is it ?” This sentence expresses the burden of Mr. Rogers’s discourse. He details the experiences and the calamities incident to the sea, its every day sorrows and griefs, the moments of agonizing suspense, the living deaths which it witnesses, and then from this general enumeration he comes to those recent catastrophes which will make the present winter ever memorable for its sorrows in the annals of New England. In the ordinary calamities which happen on the sea, the sufferings are often nameless, or known only in a narrow circle. A passing sympathy, like the rippling of the sea over a sinking ship, moves our minds at the recital of their fate, and then the lesson of God’s providence is forgotten. But now “the sorrow on the sea” has borne evil tidings to the land. The calamities which have happened on the great routes of our travel, removing a long catalogue

of those who filled honored positions in society, have touched a thousand hearts. And yet while the tenure of life is so uncertain, there is a voice of mercy coming from those graves in the icy waters; for it bids us to be ready, as death may come at any time and in any way. "It is most solemn truth, that God has pledged himself to no man how or when he will bring him to his grave." Enforcing this lesson, exhorting the unconverted, and noticing three members of the congregation and one of the church who within the year have suddenly perished on the waters, Mr. R. concludes his sermon. The preacher addressed an audience among whom there was probably not an individual whose thoughts were not intensely drawn to some one or another aspect of the late appalling calamity. The discourse is calculated to bind such thoughts upon the solemn truths of God's providence and man's dependence. It is earnest, calm, and close to truth.

The Discourses which we have noticed all make a tender and respectful mention of Dr. Follen, one among the ill-fated company, whose loss is widely deplored. It has been a gratification under this sad bereavement to observe the cordial and instant acknowledgment of his worth which burst from all lips. In different pulpits of this city, from which the religious opinions which he held would have been a ground of exclusion during his life, we understand that he was mentioned in terms of sincere admiration.

DELUSION; or the *Witch of New England*. Boston: Hilliard, Gray & Co. 1840. pp. 160. 12 mo.

WE have read this unpretending little book with much interest. And yet it seems to us rather the promise of excellence than the maturity. The conception and execution of the story as a whole are imperfect; but the rays of a delicate genius are thickly strewn through the pages. We do not think the *subject* most suitable to the peculiar powers displayed,—that being stern and terrible, these sweet and graceful. Neither are the parts very well woven together and made to conspire to one end. And though the traits of single characters are beautifully touched, the various *individuals* are not made always to bear that living relation to each other, which is the mark of dramatic merit. There are some tokens of inexperience in laying the plot of a

story. But with these abatements, we must own this a work of rare beauty. And the beauty lies in single expressions, original turns of thought, new and striking images, and sometimes in the force and fitness of a word. We hesitate not to say there are unequivocal appearances of a genius capable of better things. The common style of the host of authors is so merely imitative,—a repetition not only of scenes, situations and characters, but of phrases and figures, that it is refreshing to receive any thing from native intellect and taste. There is an evident *real* sensibility, which this fiction but veils, which gives some of the nicest strokes, and without which no ingenuity can trace the secret channels of the human breast. This, combined with genuine power and exquisite delicacy of imagination, makes our author, if we may take an illustration from the art of painting, a fine colorist, if she will study a little more severely the *drawing*, and mutual relations in character ;—which we hope she will do in a new attempt.

BIBLE STORIES, *for the use of Children, Part II. containing Stories from the New Testament.* By the Rev. Samuel Wood, B. A. 2d Edition. London: 1839. 18 mo.

Mr. Wood is well known among us as deeply interested in the happiness and instruction of the young. He has seen so much of the world as to be convinced, that the earlier the seed of goodness is sown the deeper will be its root, that the world which has gradually deteriorated by the neglect of the young, can be restored to virtue and piety only by the systematic discipline of the mind in its opening powers and exercise. That the simplifying of the elements of wisdom and truth is an honorable labor, no one at this day will care to deny, but the honor is increased when an educated man devotes himself to the labor in spite of the common opinion, that fame belongs to those who are engaged upon the summit rather than at the foundation of the great pyramid of knowledge. Mr. Wood has set forth the beautiful and touching narratives of the Saviour's life, his parables and his miracles, in a style which all children may comprehend. He has illustrated the text with Scripture references and notes, and has so disposed the narratives that the teacher may enforce the lessons by question and answer. In some few instances he has slightly changed the language of the Received Text. Of all literary undertakings there

is none which involves more conflicts of taste, opinion, habit and doctrine than this. Mr. Wood has in this matter exercised great judgment and caution. Many of his verbal changes are agreeable and discriminating. In a few instances we should dispute with him. His little book will fill an honorable place in the increasing host of good influences.

THE LECTURESS; *a Tale.* By the Author of "*My Cousin Mary.*"
Boston: 1839. pp. 124. 18mo.

"My Cousin Mary" is a better story than "The Lectress," in our judgment. We cannot respond to the unqualified commendation that has been bestowed by many on the latter book. It has many good features, and it may teach many good lessons. To a strong discriminating mind, if such a mind needed it at all, we can conceive that it may be very useful. But it is an overcharged delineation altogether. It is unnatural and improbable. Not that the opinions expressed are more ridiculous or extravagant than many into which women run now-a-days, (and men also,) on both sides of the "woman question." But the *conduct* ascribed to this Lectress is more ridiculous and extravagant than any we have known or heard of. We are not bold enough to say that there never was a woman so absurdly foolish, for it would be hazardous to set limits to the follies of womankind—or mankind. But the case is at the best an extreme case; and therefore is not a fair representative of a class either of advocates or actors. Yet this is the aspect in which the writer seemingly would have it viewed, and in which at any rate many will view it. In that respect it is unjust. On the other hand, it is fair in giving the full strength to the opposite arguments, and as a matter of reasoning both sides are well represented. But as a matter of conduct, both parties show themselves fools; the wife in her treatment of her husband and her first duties, the husband in his treatment of the wife and her insanity.

The tale, however, as such, is well told and possesses a strong interest. Some of the impressions that it leaves are of the deepest and best kind; especially that in favor of perfect confidence and uniform openness between those who hold to each other the nearest of all earthly relations. The catastrophe is too sad, but if any need the lesson, let them ponder it.

INTELLIGENCE.

INSTALLATION AT LYNN, MASS.—Rev. William Gray Swett, late of Lexington, was installed as Pastor of the Second Congregational Society in Lynn, on Wednesday, January 1, 1840. The services were as follows:—Introductory Prayer and Selections from Scripture, by Rev. Mr. Thayer of Beverly; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Lothrop of Boston; Prayer of Installation, by Rev. Dr. Flint of Salem; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Upham of Salem; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Thompson of Salem; Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Stetson of Medford; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Green of East-Cambridge.

Mr. Lothrop's sermon was founded on the idea, that Christianity is a practical, and not a metaphysical system,—that its great object is the formation of character and the government of the heart, and not the solution of mysteries or the satisfying man's restless curiosity upon all the points of religious philosophy. His text was from John xiii. 35: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another;" and the object of the sermon was to illustrate the importance of this principle of Love, as the essential element and feature of the Christian character. This he endeavoured to establish, 1st, from the express language of the New Testament, which teaches that charity is greater than either faith or hope, and represents the decisions of the great day of account to depend not on what we have believed, but on what we have done—on those works of love, which men may do or neglect to do for each other. 2ndly. From the character of God, who by his works and in the strong and emphatic language of Scripture is declared to be not simply good, benevolent, but "love" itself, and whom we are called to imitate "as dear children." If God be love, the great duty of man is, by the cultivation and exhibition of this spirit of love to show that he loves the moral image of his Maker. 3dly. From the character of Christ, which character, briefly but beautifully described in the declaration, he "went about doing good," is a guide and example, an interpreter of Christian truth and duty, teaching us that we must have the principle of love, that "spirit of Christ without which we cannot be his disciples." 4thly. From the condition and wants of men, which proclaim that what is needed among them is not so much the righteousness of the Pharisee as the righteousness of the Samaritan—a spirit which sends a man out into the world, meek, gentle, peaceable, with an arm for weakness to lean upon, a heart for sympathy to appeal to, and a tongue on which kindness dwells and soft words that turn away wrath. And lastly, from the tendency of this principle to subdue all those selfish passions which are at war with social peace and individual virtue—envy, pride, malice, uncharitableness, dissoluteness, and to awaken and develope the sentiments of piety.

The Charge was an earnest exhortation to maintain individual independence in the study and promulgation of Christian truth, and to observe that prudence, circumspection and propriety in private walk and conversation, which can alone give efficiency and success to the pastoral office. The Right Hand of Fellowship was an appropriate expression of Christian sympathy, of the pleasures, and the encouragements to ministerial fidelity. The Address to the People aimed to urge the duty of individual effort, and to awaken and impress the conviction that the pastor could only sow the seed, which they must cause to spring up and bear fruit abundantly by their own spiritual exertions.

We are happy to learn that this society, notwithstanding their repeated disappointments in the removal of their ministers, is in a strong and flourishing condition.

DEDICATION AT EAST LEXINGTON, MASS.—The new meetinghouse, erected by the parish in East Lexington, was dedicated to the worship of God, on Wednesday, January 15, 1840. It is an uncommonly neat and graceful structure, of an unusual style, uniting great convenience of internal arrangement with external proportions that make the building pleasant to the eye and an ornament to the landscape. The form is octagonal; and attached to it is a tower, surmounted by a light and lofty spire constructed of open lattice work, which gives it an effect both novel and pleasing. The design and plan of the building are owing, we believe, to the taste of Dr. Follen, the temporary minister of the society, to whose warm interest in all that concerned their prosperity they owe in no small measure the accomplishment of the work and the happy prospects attendant upon it. Long will his memory live in the hearts of that people, and the Follen Church stand among them as his monument. Little did they think, little did his brethren who gathered there on the morning of the fifteenth, to exchange congratulations with him and to hear the outpouring of his heart on this completion of a favorite object of his care, think, that he himself was already sleeping in death. The non-arrival of the steamboat Lexington, in which he was expected from New York, had excited no alarm, and it was thought, even after the company had begun to assemble for the dedication, that he might still arrive. So great was the disappointment at his non-appearance, that even at the last moment it was a matter of deliberate discussion whether the service should not be postponed. But a postponement was found to be out of the question, and the work went on. Excepting the one great deficiency, it was all well.

The neighboring clergymen officiated in the several duties:—Rev. Mr. Stetson of Medford made the Introductory Prayer; Rev. Mr. Ripley of Waltham, the Prayer of Dedication; Rev. Mr. Pierpont of Boston preached; Rev. R. W. Emerson made an Address to the Society;—this unusual part was introduced by request of the society, in consequence of Mr. Emerson's long relation to them as their preacher; Rev. Mr. Damon of West Cambridge made the Con-

cluding Prayer. Appropriate hymns and anthems were sung by a large choir. The sermon was from 1 Corinthians, i. 23: "We preach Christ crucified;" expounding and enforcing this declaration of Paul, in its relation to the evidences of Christianity, the character of the religion, and its operation on man. The hospitalities of the occasion were furnished with a Christian liberality; but in them also the one absence was deplored; it was present to every mind; it was spoken of by every tongue. It will be long and deeply felt by that people to whom he had attached himself strongly, and who reasonably looked to his affectionate ministrations with a more than usual confidence. Let them not, however, faint, but persevere. Though the shepherd has been smitten, let not the sheep be scattered.

INSTALLATION AT PETERBOROUGH, N. H.—Rev. Curtis Cutler, late of Gardner, Mass. was installed at Peterborough, as Colleague Pastor with Rev. Dr. Abbot, on Wednesday, January 29, 1840. The arrangement of services on the occasion was as follows:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Wood of Tyngsborough; Reading of Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Livermore of Keene; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Robbins of Boston; Installing Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Pierpont of Boston; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Leonard of Dublin; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Miles of Lowell; Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Osgood of Nashua; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Bates of Ashby.

The sermon was founded upon the words of the woman of Samaria, John iv. 29: "Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?" Its object was to indicate some of the principal characteristics of our Saviour's efforts to disseminate religious truth and communicate holy influence. 1. In order to obtain an entrance for his truth into any mind, he approached it without formality—with nothing professional or sectional in his manner—with simplicity, and genuine kindness, combined with directness. 2. He endeavored to enter into the feelings of the object of his address, to put himself upon his level, to mingle his doctrine with the current of his life, to bring his teachings into contact with his actual condition, and to show the connexions of God and duty with every fact of his being and every common action. 3. He manifested calm and full confidence in the power of his doctrine, and in its adaptation to the human soul in every condition. 4. He neglected no opportunity, and considered no place or time inappropriate for unaffected conversation upon sacred things. 5. He considered no instrumentality that he could employ, even of the humblest personage, as mean or unworthy, in view of the propagation of heavenly truth.

The day was stormy, and the snow three or four feet deep, yet the church was full, and unqualified signs of interest in the affairs of the society and the cause of religion were manifested by the members of the congregation. The venerable senior Pastor, although he declined taking any part in the services, added much nevertheless to the solemnity and pleasure of the occasion. It was a circumstance of some interest, that the very aged clergyman who was minis-

ter before the settlement of Dr. Abbot, Rev. Mr. Dunbar, was also present at the Installation, in good health and spirits.

In the evening, a meeting was held in the church for a public and free discussion of the following subject, viz: what means shall we employ to awaken a deeper and more general interest in religion. Addresses were made by Rev. Messrs. Miles of Lowell, Osgood of Nashua, and Pierpont of Boston, and by Messrs. Prentiss of Keene and R. W. Bayley of Boston.

We understand that there is connected with the parish an incorporated library, containing upwards of 500 volumes.

BOSTON QUARTERLY REVIEW.—At the close of the second volume it was announced that this work would be discontinued. An arrangement has since been made, by which Mr. Brownson has been induced to resume his editorial office, the late publisher, as we learn, having become the proprietor of the Review. On the whole we are glad such an arrangement has gone into effect, for although we believe the work has done some harm, we think it has done more good. From much that its editor has said, and from still more that he has, whether consciously or unconsciously, suggested, we dissent. But its tone of freedom and life and energy we welcome, even if it sometimes express itself in forms that do not quite suit our notions or our tastes. In the Introductory Statement with which the new volume commences, Mr. Brownson gives a sketch of the views which it will be his aim to promote by this journal. It will be devoted, as heretofore, he says, "to Religion, Philosophy, Politics, and general Literature." "The great idea, which constitutes the life and unity of the Review, is that of freedom. The Review is instituted for the purpose of carrying freedom into all subjects, and into all the relations of life." "But by freedom is not meant lawlessness." "Into religion it will carry the spirit of free inquiry;" "for whoso would render religion a service, must begin by respecting the rights of the mind." "But as to the actual doctrines inculcated, saving the forms in which they may be clothed, it is not apprehended that they will differ essentially from what has been and is the universal faith of the Christian church." The meaning of this declaration we must wait for future numbers of the Review to disclose. The ground which Mr. Brownson is disposed to take in philosophy is indicated in the following paragraph:—

"The philosophy, by whose results we have long been governed, is now passing away. The dominion of Locke is broken up, and he now has only a few adherents, and they are men of yesterday, who can exert no influence on to-morrow. The tendency is just now to an opposite extreme, to what among us is called Transcendentalism, a system of philosophy,—if that may be called a system which disclaims all system,—which builds upon an order of facts, proceeding from an origin which *transcends* the senses and the operations of the understanding. The source of this order of facts is called by some Instinct, by others Spontaneity, and by others still, Inspiration. They are intuitive and immediate. All among us, who are denominated sometimes the New School, contend for the reality of this order of facts, and so far all who have broken with the past are agreed. But there are some individuals, holding a high rank

in the movement party, who regard this order of facts as the only order it is necessary to recognise, and with these they think themselves able to construct a philosophy, which shall explain the existence of God, man, and nature. They therefore pay little attention to the senses, hold reasoning or logic in slight esteem, and treat the demand for proofs of their statements with contempt. With these individuals I do not entirely agree. * * I recognise spontaneity as a source, and a fruitful source of ideas, and I also admit that the ideas, which come to us from this source, do not require to be proved. But I recognise also other orders of facts, not less real, nor less essential in their place than these."

In politics the Quarterly Review "will sustain democratic principles and measures. As a necessary consequence of this, it will cooperate with that party which adopts these principles, and supports these measures—the democratic party." Still this party is not "perfect." Mr. B. "sees much to be done which it has not yet attempted." Among these as yet unattempted things is the hastening "of a time when the relations of master and slave, and of proprietor and workman, or *employer and employed*, shall be unknown!" "The literary aim of this Journal," adds its editor, "will be to breathe into our literature a free and elevated spirit, and to give it a democratic cast, a truly American direction." "The Review," finally, "is intended for all who sympathise with the movement party, for all who wish to see progress effected in politics, philosophy, literature, or religion."

The characteristics of the Review, we doubt not, will be freshness and force. Of the probable soundness of its views our readers may form some conjecture from the extracts we have now given.

CHRISTIAN REVIEW.—We are sorry to learn that this publication has been discontinued for the want of support. It has from the first held a high place in our periodical religious literature, and we had hoped that the Baptists, to whose special interests it was devoted, were too well aware of its value, to permit it to reach so speedy a termination. If they will pardon the suggestion, we would tell them that they ought to make an effort on its behalf that shall induce its editor to resume the publication.

NEWTON THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.—This institution, situated a few miles from Boston, is designed for the education of young men for the Baptist ministry. From the Catalogue recently printed it appears, that there are now 44 students; in the Senior Class 11, in the Middle 10, in the Junior 20, and in the English Course 3. The Faculty consists of Rev. Barnas Sears, President, and Professor of Christian Theology; Rev. Irah Chase, Professor of Ecclesiastical History; Rev. Henry I. Ripley, Professor of Sacred Rhetoric and Pastoral Duties; Rev. Horatio B. Hackett, Professor of Biblical Literature and Interpretation.

EDUCATION FOR THE MINISTRY.—We are glad to see the increasing interest which the Methodist denomination are taking in the education of their ministers. A Society has been formed, under the title of the "New England Wesleyan Education Society," the object of which is declared in the Constitution to be, "to assist indigent young men in obtaining an education, preparatory for the gospel ministry, either at home or abroad; and also young people of both sexes for teachers in missionary stations." The Constitution provides that one half of the Board of Directors shall be laymen. A Committee of this Board have published an Address, soliciting funds, in which they use the following language:—"Say what we may about the simplicity of the Gospel, men must have some mental cultivation, some knowledge of science, to illustrate and enforce it upon the understanding and heart, so as to make it interesting and efficient." This is sound doctrine.

REVIVALS.—An article in the Boston Recorder states that one hundred and twentyeight "revivals of religion" have been noticed in that paper the past year (1839). In sixty-nine of these revivals the number of "hopeful conversions" is reported to have been 5,547. Calculating the number not reported as equal, and allowing 10, or 1200 more not probably included in these estimates, "we have 10,000 additions to the churches belonging to these denominations," that is, as we understand the writer, to the Congregationalists and Presbyterians. The whole number, however, of communicants added to the churches of these two denominations the last year, he thinks may be presumed to be 20,000, because many cases of revival may not have been reported, and additions have been made to churches where there has been "no general awakening." The number of Congregational and Presbyterian churches in the United States, according to the American Almanac, is 4,107. There has therefore been an average addition of five members to every church. The number of communicants in these churches, given in the Almanac of 1839, was 434,000. There has therefore been an increase of about five per cent. From this calculation the writer deduces encouragement, as the annual increase of population in the United States is only three per cent., or two per cent. less than the "increase of the church."

WATERVILLE COLLEGE.—A report has been current that the officers of Waterville College, (Maine) had all resigned, in consequence of want of funds. We are happy to learn that this is not correct, that none have resigned but the President, and that, although the pecuniary affairs of the institution are in a critical situation, there is a prospect of a better state of things. The inhabitants of Waterville have pledged themselves to contribute \$10,000 for the College, if \$40,000 more can be raised.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR MOBILE.—We desire to put upon our record, as a fact worthy of remembrance, that \$3,956 have been sent from this city to the relief of the sufferers by fire and illness in Mobile. The greater part of this amount was collected in churches, in sums varying from \$321 to \$14.

MENDICITY IN LONDON.—The London Quarterly Review for October gives an account of the Society for the Suppression of Mendicity in London. This society seems to be conducted on nearly the same principles as the institution in Boston, which is designed to lessen pauperism and break up the system of street beggary.

"Its purpose is to check the practice of public mendicity by putting the laws in force against impostors, and by affording prompt and efficient assistance to those, whom sudden calamity and unaffected distress may cast in want and misery upon the public attention."

The number of impostors in London is very great, and the same expedients are resorted to as in the times of the Spectator, in order to work upon the sympathies of the benevolent. Lameness, blindness, and all the diseases of humanity are counterfeited. The Society, by its strict investigations, does much towards breaking up this system of fraud, because the notorious beggars will not accept tickets, while the really destitute will gladly receive them and go to the officers of the Society and obtain the relief needed. This relief is given in no stinted measure. In the course of one day, nearly 1400 families were assisted.

This Society well contrasts with the institution called, "the Refuge for the Houseless Poor," whose object is to receive persons at night, give them shelter and rest, and in the morning, having furnished them with breakfast, to dismiss them; thus virtually encouraging them in their course of crime.

PROTESTANT CHAPEL IN JERUSALEM.—We see by the papers that a plan is now in progress for erecting an Episcopal chapel in Jerusalem. A church has been already formed, consisting of persons who have been sent from England, and of converts. Rev. Mr. Nicholayson writes that since the 23d of September, he has had regular service every Lord's day in the full form of the English Church, in the morning in English, in the afternoon in Arabic, and in the evening in German.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN ST. CROIX, W. I.—A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser makes the following statements respecting this island; his letter is dated February, 1839.

"The means of religious instruction on the island are entirely inadequate to the wants of the population. There are six Moravian missionaries, who occupy

three stations, and claim about *eight thousand* slaves as adherents to their church,—one Romish priest, who officiates in two churches situated at the two villages on the island, and enumerates about *nine thousand* colored people as members of his denomination,—one English Episcopal clergyman, who has about *two thousand* under his charge,—and one Danish Lutheran minister, who officiates to about the same number. These nine clergymen cannot adequately minister to twenty or twentytwo thousand souls, especially as the great mass of them are slaves, and consequently need the most laborious, private and frequent instruction. This deficiency will soon be supplied by the new churches now building or built.—I was much disappointed at the state in which I found the Moravian missionary establishments. The missionaries themselves are Germans, and preach to the negroes in a mongrel dialect called creole Dutch. The older slaves understand this language, but very many, if not most of the negroes, now speak the English, or a gibberish which passes under that name. Of course a large part of the slaves connected with the Moravians must be poorly supplied with religious instruction."

SKETCHES OF ORIENTAL RELIGIONS.—Dr. Bowring, whose name is well known in this country through his translations from the poetry of Eastern Europe and his own beautiful hymns, returned to England rather more than a year ago, from a mission to the East, with which he had been charged by the British government. The Christian Reformer during the last year has contained several communications from him upon the condition of the religious bodies which fell under his notice. These "sketches" are full of interest, and are entitled to full confidence as the remarks of a philosophical and careful observer. We shall give in this and the following numbers the most important portion of these articles:—

MAHOMEDANS.—"The brutal barbarism of Mahomedan rule has during the present century been greatly modified and meliorated by the gradual inroads of European civilization. * * * In many parts of the East, toleration has completely triumphed. Mahomet Ali has elevated Christians to the highest functions of government. Even in Turkey, instruction in many of the mechanical arts and sciences has been sought for among European Giaours. In Egypt and Syria, a man may travel in Christian costume with perfect security; and the distinctions of dress, which for so many generations represented the degradation of one half of society and the domination of the other, have for the most part been removed. Intercourse with Europeans has thus rubbed away some of the harsh fanaticism of the Mussulman mind, and even produced a willingness to discuss the comparative evidences of the Christian and Mahomedan religions: at least I have had the privilege of holding long debate with Oriental friends on this and similar topics.

Mahomedan fanaticism in Egypt has lost much of its ferocity. The mosques are now open to any stranger who, accompanied by a Mussulman, wishes to penetrate into their sacred recesses. Painters have been allowed to copy their more elaborate ornaments, and even European ladies, in their national costumes, have lately approached the Holy Book in the most venerated part of the temple. I have entered many mosques in the principal cities of the East, and have experienced no sort of molestation. Leaving my slippers at the door, according to the Oriental usage, and taking care to indulge in no outward signs of levity or disrespect, it has often happened to me to have been accompanied by a Mussulman ulema, or priest, and to have had the most remarkable parts of the edifice pointed out to my attention.

*I have never found a well-authenticated case in the East of the conversion of a Mahomedan to Christianity. Instances of professed conversion to Islamism from Christianity are by no means rare. In most cases, they grow out of an indifference to religion, mingled with a desire to advance in the world; in some cases, from a curiosity to penetrate into the mysteries and to enjoy the voluptuous pleasures of the harem; in a few, from the desire to master more easily the treasures of Arabic knowledge; and fewer still, from a wish to undertake the pilgrimage to the Holy Cities, and to participate in the privileges of a Hadji. Of this last class I have known two examples: with one of the parties I was intimately acquainted. Some travellers and literary men have professed Mahomedanism for the purpose of easier access to places of Mussulman veneration, and of forming more intimate acquaintance with the learned of the Mussulman faith. To this class belong the major part of our countrymen who are pointed out in the East as having abandoned Christianity. Generally, the Mahomedans do not put much faith in the conversions of our *literati*: they consider their professions complimentary to the Prophet and to "The Book," eulogiums on which they willingly hear, from whomsoever they proceed. A devout Mussulman of this converted class—a Mussulman attentive to minute religious rites—is seldom found. Their object is to avoid giving offence; to say and do just so much, and no more, as is necessary to their reception within the pale of Islamism, which may be accomplished by a few of the more common and needful observances, and by adding to the creed of a loose Christianity the addendum which recognizes Mahomet as the last and greatest of the Prophets, and the Koran as "The noble Book." Far different and far more numerous are the classes whom love of pleasure and worldly ambition tempt to the abandonment of the faith of their forefathers. Some of these have, indeed, been raised to very elevated positions, and a few, perhaps, are able to flatter themselves that they have increased their usefulness, while they have strengthened their influence. They are not to be envied, neither for the opinion they have won, nor for the opinion they have lost. The head of the Egyptian army (Soliman Pacha) was a Frenchman. The Governor of Sharkieh was a Christian Copt. Italian, French, and a few German, Mussulmans hold some places of power in Turkey and Egypt. Happily, the number of Englishmen who have 'thrown off their allegiance' is small indeed."*

COPTIC CHRISTIANS.—"Among the people who most excited my interest are the Coptic Christians of Egypt. They belong neither to the Greek nor the Romish Church, but have an ecclesiastical government of their own, with a hierarchy consisting of a Patriarch and twelve Bishops, who are almost invariably chosen from the monks of the Convent of St. Anthony, which lies on the desert between the Nile and the Red Sea. They employ the ancient language of Egypt, little altered since the time of the Ptolemies, in their church service, and have a portion of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre preserved to them as an independent body. A small portion of the Copts have joined the Roman Catholics, and the Pope has appointed a native Bishop, who has studied at Rome, and who is a very tolerable Italian scholar. But the national Copts, whose number is about 200,000, look upon those of the Romish Church with great abhorrence. The Copts are throughout Egypt the literary people—the scribes of the country: one (or more) is attached to almost every Mahomedan functionary; and a Coptic Christian is at this moment the Accountant-general of Egypt."

The forms of epistolary communications preserved among the Christian churches in the East are so strongly marked with the unctuous impress of antiquity, that a translation of one of them will be perhaps acceptable. It is the circular with which I was furnished by the Coptic Patriarch to the Churches in Upper Egypt.

'The blessing, the perfect blessing, which extends to all, is issued by us to our brethren and friends who are in Upper Egypt. God's blessings be with them, even blessings unseen, such as belong to his prophets and his saints, and to those who obey his will and constantly follow his commands. We renew to you our heavenly benedictions and send our holy greetings. The cause of our issuing this epistle is to inform you that our son, Doctor B., is going towards you, and he comes from the English government. He will see our churches and places. Whenever he arrives and presents himself, open your churches to him. Hail him with heavenly courtesies and reverence, both at his coming and at his departure, so that he may return thankful to God and to your kindnesses. Look then, we charge you, look to his comfort and shew him all respect. And God's blessing be with you—and may God be with you! God help and raise you! His blessing descend upon you and dwell with you! His protection be over you! We pray God to grant his peace for ever and ever! Written in Cairo, the ninth of Kehin, in the year 1554 (A. D. 1837) of the Copts.'

The Coptic Christians are a more influential, important and numerous body in Egypt, than is generally supposed. They are the best educated among the Egyptian people, and furnish all the clerks and writers to the Government. Among them are individuals who occupy high posts in the State, and on whom even Beydoms have been conferred by Mahomet Ali. They associate little with the Mussulmans, though in many particulars their manner of life resembles that of the Mahomedans. In the remoter villages of Egypt, they circumcise and have a plurality of wives. Conversions to Mahomedanism among them are rare. There is one remarkable instance of change of religion, in the case of Abderachman Bey, the present Governor of Sharkeih (the ancient Land of Goshen.) He was a Copt, and is spoken of with much hatred by his former co-religionists. Though one of the ablest of the Governors of Egypt, he is one of the most cruel and despotic. I have never heard of more than one example of a Mahomedan becoming a Christian, and that was of a Turkish woman, who, being enamoured of a Greek, in the island of Crete, married him and was converted to his faith: her family endeavoured, in consequence, to deprive her of her heritage. Under any other Oriental government than that of Mahomet Ali, the punishment of death would have been inevitably awarded to such an act of 'faithlessness.' But when the case was brought before Mustapha Pacha, the enlightened ruler of Crete, he sent for the elder sister, who was endeavouring to monopolize the property of the father on the plea of the infidelity of the younger sister, and represented to her that, though the Mekemeh, or Property Tribunal, might award to her the inheritance, it would be more creditable to her not to press the suit. The influence of a high authority in cases like this is paramount; and the consequence was, the younger sister was allowed to retain her portion of their father's property unmolested. The observation of Mustapha Pacha to the woman was, 'You know we have many converts from Christianity; we can afford to allow of one from Islamism.'

The influence of their Patriarch, who resides at Cairo, is paramount among them. He is never approached without all the forms of "worship" or obedience which are employed towards the highest dignitaries in the Levant. His authority is nearly absolute in Church affairs. I found, whenever his interference was obtained in family or other disputes, that the most prompt obedience was paid to his suggestions."